

# d.c. gazette

RIP  
1800-1972



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE PASSED AWAY LAST WEEK AT THE HANDS OF A CONGRESS DEDICATED TO THE PRINCIPLE THAT THE SPIRIT OF ROSSLYN SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH. THE REMAINS OF THE AVENUE WILL BE TURNED OVER TO A COMMISSION THAT WILL BE FREE TO DO WHATEVER IT WANTS TO WITH THEM.

(photo by Helen Jones)

## THE DELEGATE RACE

## NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL

OCTOBER 25, 1972

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25¢

# Washington's Marathon

VAL LEWTON

ON WMAL it's another "Redskin Sunday" and if you're listening they repeat the phrase every five minutes. It's not just a clear, clear fall day in Washington — it's a tactile day. From Alexandria, where the District Road Runners Club is about to initiate their first 36-mile international super marathon "Two Bridges Race," you can reach out and pick up the Washington Monument and exchange it for the Capitol Dome. It is an atmosphere of surreal precision, the construction of a Hollywood model maker, a toy city in a nation that lives for weekends and weekend games.

There is little ceremony in long distance foot racing. Today, however, a group of bagpipers are rehearsing in the parking garage underneath the fountain plaza behind the Alexandria Courthouse. It is seven a.m. At eight they will pipe the runners out onto the course along Royal street. At about ten they will pipe to the runners as they return from Mount Vernon ten miles away and begin the eight mile trek into the District. As the runners come back by the starting point they have run twenty miles. Some will curse the music which prevents them from catching their times. In running, pace is everything.

Up top, in the courtyard it is seven thirty, half an hour before starting time. The sun is up but it can't take the chill out of a gusty breeze coming out of the north. For runners a cool day is a good day, but they don't care for the wind unless it's at their back.

Tom Baum detects the pungent odor of linament and his heart picks up a beat. Consciously, he relaxes. There's no sense in getting all worked up in advance of a race that will take him four hours to complete. It's not the race Tom's worried about, it's the pain that comes just after the twenty mile point. "You need plenty of sentries after that because you start running into telephone poles."

Tom's wife, Bunny, drove down with him from near Asbury Park, New Jersey. She says her husband started running three years ago to help a friend who was suffering from heart trouble. The doctor had prescribed aerobic therapy: running for a distance and a duration long enough to put a strain on the cardiovascular system and the lungs and thereby cause an improvement in the body's ability to utilize oxygen with a correspondant improvement in circulation and a strengthening of the heart muscle. Tom ran along with his friend. "At first after just a mile he would come in dragging, and then he got in better shape and really started enjoying the running. Now we're a running family."

According to Tom the important thing is not the competition. That just helps you accomplish a self imposed goal — keeps you going — gives you something to shoot for. The important thing for him is the physical high — "it's almost a means of self expression — the aesthetic satisfaction of moving through time and space efficiently and under your own power."

Today, Tom is aiming for first place in the forty to forty-four year old category. For many runners literally begins at forty. There are runners older than Tom in their fifties, who are far superior, but in that bracket between forty and forty-four he stands a chance.

You have to train to run a marathon. You just don't throw away your pack of Marlboro's, kick your heels and take off. A legal waiver is required by the AAU:

"I, the undersigned, intending to be legally bound, hereby, for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators, waive and release any and all rights and claims for damages I may have against....for any and all injuries suffered by me in the ...Race. I attest and verify that I am physically fit and have sufficiently trained for the completion of this 36 mile race."

Please turn to page 6

# d.c. gazette

OCTOBER 25, 1972  
VOL. IV NR. 2

## Looking for the campaign

SAM SMITH

I WENT out looking for the delegate campaign the other evening. I found it, but just barely, hidden in a sterile and mostly vacant basement hall of a Capitol Hill Church and before a larger but generally listless audience at the Palisades Recreation Center. The front door of the church was locked when I arrived and the recreation center is in one of the city's best concealed locations. I began to wonder whether this campaign was by invitation only.



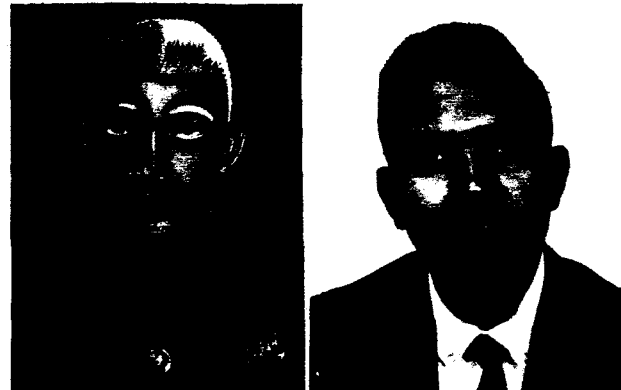
Charles Cassell

At this writing, I have counted exactly 13 Re-elect Fauntroy bumper stickers around town, no Cassell or Chin-Lee ones, plus a fair scattering of faded and torn Fauntroy and Hobson stickers left over from the last campaign. If visibility amounts to anything, Gen. Hassan should be a shoo-in. He's running the first media campaign based primarily on graffiti. The pro-Hassan scrawls seem to be on every available Metro fence, boarded up storefront and bare wall in the city. In addition, the general has designed a poster shaped to fit the base of traffic lightposts.

With the exception of the Hassan spray-paint blitz, the candidates aren't doing much to add excitement to the race. Walter Fauntroy isn't riding around in a long black hog to campaign meetings this year, and his coterie is smaller. William Chin-Lee, who'd rather be called Bill, speaks so softly it's hard to hear him. And Charlie Cassell is considerably less visible than was Julius Hobson last time.

I began by blaming it on the media. The Post's David Boldt, who covered last year's delegate race, is apparently somewhere in upstate New York interviewing voters in his Chesterfield coat for another of those interminable articles on the national mood. The television stations are busy elsewhere. The Star has used space that might otherwise be devoted to the campaign for a second astrology column. And the candidates' activities have, from what one can tell, been turned over to reporters who like writing just for the hell of it, for most of their copy disappears somewhere short of the composing room.

But the media isn't really to blame. The men involved and the times in which they find themselves have conspired to leaden what should be a lively event. The tone of the first delegate race was one of anticipation: the political style of the city was being established,



David Dabney in art(left) and life.

the role of the delegate was being given a precedent, the control of the Democratic Party was being decided. But that's been done now. And, as in the national race, it looks like just so many more years. Today it's as hard to convince any one that the delegate race is going to make a difference as it would be to go up to 14th & U to advocate burning and looting of stores because of the expectation that it would bring urban renewal to the area. Most everybody in the country and the city is older and wiser and sadder and the visions of five years ago have been lost in a resigned acceptance of predestination.

If anyone cared, it could be turned into a good show. The candidates are an interesting bunch; they offer a fairly broad range of ideology and style. But without the response it's like telling jokes at a Methodist funeral. The crowd just isn't in the spirit.

There's Gen. Hassan, tall, calm and vague. There's David Dabney, who speaks of himself in the third person and whose campaign literature carries the slogan "Today. Hurry Sundown. Tomorrow, Reach for the Stars." At the bottom is another line:

Vote INDEPENDENT in November for DABNEY, the man with 20th/20th vision  
Century

Dabney is a psychiatrist running on a platform calling for "Local Self-Determination through constitutional amendment(s), to correct the errors, oversights and constitutional violations of the 'Founding Fathers.'" He also wants an elected corporation counsel and chief of police and says one of the first things he would do if elected would be to get in contact with "all the other non-voting delegates in Congress."

Herman Fagg represents the Socialist Workers Party. His presidential running mates have been ruled off the ballot and he appeals to the audience to help in getting them back on. The

Please turn to page 5



Bill Chin-Lee

- Informer photo



# THE CITY

## Edmunds School revisited

JEAN LEWTON

REMEMBER Robert Parker? He was that five-year-old boy who was killed when a trash dumpster fell on him at Edmunds School in NE Washington. Robert died April 28th and with pressure from the Edmunds PTA and Robert's family the school board voted that \$30,000 be expended to establish a playground at Edmunds as a memorial for Robert — to be begun by the start of the new school year. Six months have passed since Robert's death and there is still no playground.

At their July meeting when it voted funds for the playground, the school board ordered that the funds be spent immediately. Knowing

the distrust of the Edmunds community for Granville Woodson, head of the school's buildings and grounds department, the board also permitted the family and PTA to hire a private architect rather than working with one from Woodson's office.

They chose architect Charles Thompson who has won renown for designing New York City's vest pocket parks and a number of mini-parks at Reston, Virginia. He submitted a preliminary design which was approved by the family and community. These plans and the cost were then sent to Woodson's office and from there Woodson, with many years of experience with such matters, sent them to Colonel Starobin, head of the DC General Services which would undertake the actual building of the playground.

In the middle of September, when it became obvious that work had not begun on the playground, I called J. Weldon Greene of Superintendent Scott's office. He had been appointed by Scott to personally see that the playground was built as soon as possible. He told me that not until Starobin received Woodson's paper work was anyone told that the board was prohibited by law to transfer any funds over \$25,000. Thus, the entire proposal must

be resubmitted by Woodson using the proper paper work. The amount of delay caused by Woodson's action is also in question. While Greene told me that construction would begin in late October, the Parker family has been told that ground would not be broken until late February.

At their July meeting the board also directed that principal, Florence Radcliffe, be replaced. Edmunds does not have a regular principal to this date. The community requested that custodian, James Harrison, be retained; but he was transferred because he had verbally reported the missing wheel on the dumpster to his supervisor, Howard M. Hubbard instead of filling out the proper form. And Hubbard, who with Florence Radcliffe had signed a building rating report noting that the playground and playground equipment were safe just two weeks before the accident, is still the buildings and grounds inspector for Edmunds.

FOUR MORE YEARS: Attorney General Klein-dienst wants possession of heroin to be upgraded from a misdemeanor to a felony. . . . Which brings to mind the question: should being in this Administration be regarded as a sickness or a crime?

## A rat will come out of its hole knowing death awaits

NOTES FROM A JAIL UPRISING: The courtroom, number 16, is crowded. Prisoners, lawyers, Marion and Mary Barry, Walter Fauntroy, Tedson Meyers, Willie Hardy, Luke Moore, Charles Halleck, Del Lewis, Petey Greene. People talking during the hearing, witnesses saying things seldom heard in court. . . . When Judge William Bryant recesses court, people smoke in the courtroom. . . . Ken Hardy, DC Corrections chief, hostage, is there, but so still you don't notice him at first. . . . William Brown, facing an armed robbery charge, gets up before the judge and tells him of the inequities in his case:

Judge Bryant: The moving finger having writ, I can't erase it.

Brown: I knew there was nothing that could be done for it. I'm thinking of the others — the little baby brothers of mine.

Bryant: The problem is that so many baby brothers have put people at the end of a pistol and shot them.

Brown: Then the alternative is to ruin them for life. (Turns to audience, voice rising) You say nothing can be done about it. Our little babies are over at the jail and it's really pitiful. You say they put a gun in their hand. No. Y'all put a gun in his hand. 'Cause all you do is talkin', talkin' talkin'. You gonna put a gun in a 15 year old's hand and the police will kill him like that boy with the bicycle. We're tired over that jail. A rat will get tired and come out of his hole knowing that death awaits him. We don't want to harm Mr. Hardy. We love Mr. Hardy. We don't want to kill nobody. We don't want to hurt nobody. We are tired of people putting us in positions where we act like animals. . . . Fauntroy, it was the first time we seen him. Walter Washington wasn't concerned. Marion Barry came right away — he always comes but he doesn't have the power. . . . We're going to keep on, and keep on and keep on until somebody die. Then they gonna say, 'Wow, they were serious.'

Applause, right-ons, a warning from the judge. Another prisoner: "What we came here for and what we're getting is two different things. Nobody thinks this is real. We didn't come down here to rap with you on your high pedestal. This was like a dry run." . . . Hardy is leaving the courtroom, looks awful. Petey Greene is helping him. Outside a TV man tries for an interview. Greene screams at him:

"The inmates let him go. That's how good he is. Man's up all night and you talk about motherfucking cameras." Greene is crying. Hardy is on his way to a hospital with what seems to be a heart attack. . . . Back at the jail, prisoners and other hostages await word of the emergency court hearing called following the rebellion early that morning.

Recess. Everyone is tired. Eyes seem to stare without seeing. Jail guards sit at counsel table glum and silent. . . . Judge Halleck starts to rap with some of the prisoners: "The first man who gets a hose on them, you get a habeas corpus and come into my court and I'll stop it." Says a prisoner: "They don't pay any attention to courts. They're ignorant over there." Halleck to prisoner waiting eight months for trial: "Sixth Amendment guarantees right of speedy trial." To another: "Last Friday I had fifty felony cases." Learn later that Halleck offered to go down to jail to speed up processing of complaints. . . . Sterling Tucker comes over, "The guards are talking about going out. Nobody is listening to them." . . . Reporter says there's word of a disturbance over at the Women's Detention Center. Prisoner comes up to reporter: "Did you say they had another riot?" "Over at the Women's Detention Center." "Oh yeah, right on!"

Mother of youth in jail opens up. She has six children 22 to 16. She was separated from her husband when the baby was one year old. Now the baby is in D.C. Jail, swept up in the trouble. The mother works two jobs, one twelve hours a day, another on weekends. The kid is locked up on a charge of having raped and strangled a 7-year-old girl. Been over at the jail 2 months waiting trial. Kid was run over by a car when he was little. Never seemed quite right since. Only child to get into serious trouble. "If he didn't do it, they should find the one who did," the mother says. "If he did it, I want him to be punished but I want him to get help." . . . A few days later the Post would interview the mother of the victim. She has eight children, twenty down to ten. "I tried to raise them right. Many times I told them how easy it is to get in trouble and how hard it is to get out. And then I tell them, if you do get in trouble don't call momma, 'cause there's nothing I can do."

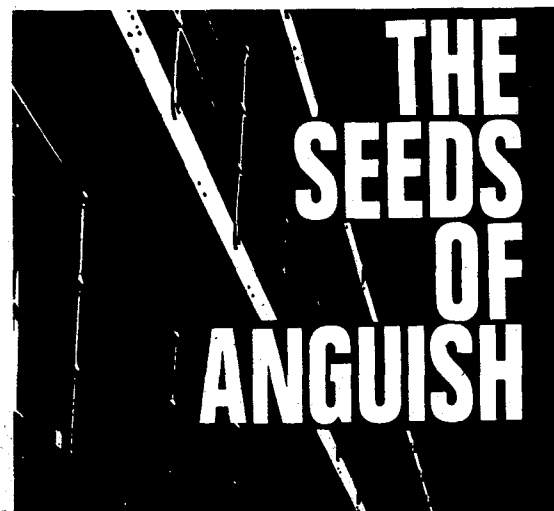
The prisoners have their say. Judge Bryant offers to fix things up a bit. Just

a bit. Segregate the juveniles. Do something about food and temperature. Hurry up the suit against the jail now pending in his court. Is it enough to save the hostages?

Back to the jail the prisoners go in a white bus. The crowd outside the jail is smaller than it had been earlier in the day. Wait. Rumor that cellblock #2 has been seized. Wait to hear that denied. Joe Yeldell shows up with a psychiatrist to begin screening inmates to see who belongs at St. E's. . . . That's about 10:33 p.m. . . . Ken Kennedy, Northeast factorum, waits along the police line. Earlier he'd been inside. "Congresswoman Chisholm played a great role," he says. Kennedy had brought six inmates from Lorton to the jail to help in the negotiations.

11:35 p.m. Mary Treadwell Barry comes out from the jail. "They want two brothers from the black press." "What does that mean?" asks a white reporter. Decide on one black reporter from print media and one from TV. Problem with TV crews. Union rules call for three men and at best only

Please turn to page 4



EIGHT MONTHS AGO, the Gazette ran most of an ACLU report on the DC Jail — a searing document that somehow the city establishment managed to blissfully ignore. We only have a few copies left but you can obtain the full report for 50¢ from the American Civil Liberties Union, 3000 Conn. Ave. NW. If you didn't read it, we recommend you get hold of a copy.



## Soup kitchen on New York Ave.

THE gas wasn't connected on the first day and so the soup had to be served from a coffee pot heated on a hot plate. One of the diners came into the kitchen and started ordering the cooks around. That was October 16th, but what may have been an inauspicious beginning for most food-serving establishments was considered a very successful opening day for Zacchaeus, a free soup kitchen in the basement of 905 New York Avenue, NW.

The soup kitchen is based on the successful Catholic Worker in New York City which started as a soup kitchen in the '30's and now has a clothing outlet and hospitality center among its enterprises. In Washington the organization behind the soup kitchen is the Community for Creative Nonviolence. The Community was founded in 1971 by Paulish priest Edward Guinan to discover how human beings might resolve the conflict in their lives.

In the two years since its inception, the Community for Creative Nonviolence has concentrated on their Peace Study Center workshops and classes taught by prominent theologians and DC activists. The community has its center at 2127 N Street, NW and three other buildings which it rents inexpensively with enthusiastic support from realtor John Walsh of the Thomas Walsh realty agency.

The idea for the free soup kitchen began at Oakridge II, a summer-long workshop held in Oakridge, New Jersey which drew over 1,500 participants. After it was discussed, three families from Boston, Connecticut and New Jersey offered to uproot themselves and come to Washington for the purpose of establishing a soup kitchen in Washington. There are now 22 people, including four children, engaged in making a go of the soup kitchen.

For many soup kitchens reek of greasy sludge served up with a lot of prayers, indoc-

### WASHINGTON CENSUS TRACT INFORMATION READY

Community groups engaged in neighborhood planning will find the census tract report a rich source of information. The report includes statistics on age, race, sex, marital status, education, occupation and income as well as a variety of housing items. Tracts average about 4,000 population. The tract report is available at local libraries or from the Government Printing Office, DC 20402 for \$4.25. Ask for Census

tration and indignity. But that's not the idea at Zacchaeus. Even though their press release statement says "we hope that this kitchen will be able to serve those who literally have nothing to live on - people who are sick, lonely, living in despair, people who are hungry," when you speak with one of the workers, you know they don't conceive of their kitchen as a skid-row mission where bums have to sit through an hour of preaching to get their daily bread. It's an open house, run by people who care about other people with no imposed ideas, no talks, no proselytizing. In fact, the reason they were so pleased with the opening day was that they would like the people they help to take over the operation of the kitchen. The bossy guy who told the volunteers what to do was a derelict who had once managed a kitchen.

The kitchen is located in what used to be a barber shop. Through much effort, money, arm twisting and plain hard work they have changed the long room which used to have a row of men getting their weekly shave and a hair cut into a dining room which will hold 50 people, a kitchen and a bathroom. They've even had co-operation from the District licensing department, and at the inspector's suggestion are applying for a license as a community center so that they don't have to meet restaurant requirements.

They picked the 9th and New York Avenue area on the edge of Chinatown, because it's a basically biracial community with little racism, where people are just plain fighting to survive and don't have the time to nit-pick with some white Catholic peacenik organization being conscientious. And they also recognize that it's a community in flux - where the former DC main library which provided

Tracts for Washington, DC PHC (1)-226. Consultation regarding the availability and use of census data is available to community groups at no cost from the census Bureau. Call 763-7454 and ask for Dave Shaw.

### FRIENDSHIP HEIGHTS GROUP MEETS

The Friendship Heights Neighborhood Coalition will hold its first annual meeting Oct. 25 at 8 p.m. at Wilson High School.

sleeping space (albeit unwillingly) for indigents is now vacant, and where the Eisenhower Center will rise up across the street.

But having a soup kitchen free to the bread-breakers, does not mean it's free to the sponsors. They need help - donations; although they would always appreciate the actual body-in-the-flesh kind. They need financial contributions of money, but more importantly, of soup ingredients - potatoes, onions, carrots, beans, barley - or as they put it, "a good, steady flow of food." They urgently ask: "If you are involved with a church, school or group, collection of food for the kitchen should become part of a weekly or monthly bak-dule." Even if they are able to get area bakeries to donate bread, man can not live by bread alone.

If you can help call Rachelle Limmer at 337-8444; or after 5 p.m. call 337-1780.

— JEAN LEWTON

WE HEAR THAT some local student bus riders are collecting transfers when they get on a bus, then handing them out to people when they get off at transfer points. The spirit of the good samaritan lives.

### PRISONERS STRIKE FOR PEACE WEEK OF RESISTANCE AND RENEWAL (Oct. 25 - Nov. 1)

Wed. Oct. 25 - All day fast and vigil, People's Lobby. We will explain why we are there in support of Phil Berrigan and all peace criminals and in opposition to war criminals. 9 a.m. Justice Dept.

Evening - ex-prisoners and those working with prisoners to lead first night at All Souls Church. 8 p.m.

Thurs. Oct. 26 - March to Pentagon, led by POW relatives: rally, fast and vigil.

Evening - Vietnamese and POW relatives: "Who are these people our government calls the 'enemy'."

Fri. Oct. 27 - March to the Offices of the Federal Bureau of Prisons to oppose the treatment of all prisoners.

Evening - People's concert and rally. Well-known singers and activists to present a joint program. Location to be determined.

Sat. Oct. 28 - 1:00 p.m. Justice Department, march against Nixon's war, for the survival of Vietnam, to the offices of the "Committee to Re-Elect the President." Guerrilla Theatre, poetry readings, celebration of the American Revolutionary heritage.

Sun. Oct. 29 - meeting and talking with people in churches/synagogues throughout DC area.

Evening - service of resistance and renewal with the week's participants.

Mon. Oct. 30 - March to Nixon re-election headquarters; all day fast and vigil, People's lobby.

Evening - The people conduct the program: bring your talents and ideas.

Tues. Oct. 31 - Silent all-day fast and vigil at the Justice Dept.

Evening - "To resist is to be human", ex-prisoners speaking and leading workshops on the reality of prison and the necessity of resistance. Preparation for Wednesday's civil disobedience.

Wed. Nov. 1 - March to Nixon re-election headquarters for non-violent civil disobedience.

(Unless otherwise stated all day actions will begin at 9 a.m. in front of the Justice Dept., 9th and Constitution. All evening gatherings will be at 8 p.m. at All Souls Church, 16th and Columbia Rd, NW.)

Info: Prisoners Strike for Peace, 2121 Decatur Place, NW, DC 20008, 232-1494.

### References

547-8244

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SWEET & SOUR SHRIMP. . . . .	\$2.50
BEEF or PORK OYSTER SAUCE. . . . .	\$2.50
(with green peas & vegetables)	
CHOW HAR KEW (shrimps). . . . .	\$2.85
(with mushrooms & vegetables)	
MO GOO GAI PAN. . . . .	\$2.85
(sliced chicken, mushrooms & vgs.)	
SHRIMP LOBSTER SAUCE. . . . .	\$2.85

### DINNERS

FRIED FISH DINNER. . . . .	\$1.50
FRIED SHRIMP DINNER. . . . .	\$1.60
FRIED PORK CHOP DINNER. . . . .	\$1.60
FRIED CHICKEN DINNER. . . . .	\$1.65
(all dinners include French Fries, cole slaw)	

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3400 Lowell St. N.W. 362-2234



# LETTERS

## Entering a dark night

I HAVE been asked to write this letter on behalf of my brother Philip; I do so with no sense of apology, but rather with a sense of pride and joy. You may be aware that a recent series of events has had two effects: ensuring that he remain in prison, and ensuring that his fate remain tucked away from public attention.

Judge Dixon Herman delayed sentencing of Philip for some five months after the Harrisburg trial, evidently with the design that the parole question be put off indefinitely (In the labyrinthine world of American justice, the parole board will not act while other legal oddments are dangling.) Judge Herman moved only after some help from us with results that may be known to you: a two year sentence for Philip, one year for Sister Elizabeth, for smuggling of letters out of prison. (The letter offense is now a dead letter, all prisoners being free to write anyone, even Judge Herman.) Whereupon the parole board also moved, in a like direction. Which is to say, no parole hearing for Philip.

Philip's case offers an exact (I would not hesitate to say, inspired) parallel to the fate of the Vietnamese people during these years. Thus he is, I believe, a symbol of something at large (the war) and something at small (the worsening fate of prisoners). For this reason, we who rejoice to call ourselves his brothers and sisters, gather at his side.

We entertain no illusions concerning the Iron Dukes who presently hold Philip in thrall. They have made an entirely correct assessment of this priest as indeed they have correctly assessed the Vietnamese. Both the man in prison and the people in resistance are a mortal danger to illegitimate, devouring, blind power. Therefore, each must be dealt with: silencing in one case, extermination in the other. Philip has been in jail 37 months — a year of that in local jails with their accumulation of bad food, noise, 24 hour a day lock up. He has gone through four fasts in jail and been put in solitary confinement four times. He broke the silence of prison but once. In his presenting statement in Harrisburg he chose to speak of what some prisoners have been through for peace.

In refusing parole to Philip, the authorities are also conscious of my relative freedom, of the fact that I have refused, after prison, to lie down and play housebroken. We have both

had to face this sorrowful fact; his parole chances would have been infinitely brightened had we both consented to play the game. We could not, obviously.

So we have decided to ask your help. Philip's life we believe intersects the life of priesthood and prison, an altogether unique juncture of experiences. The prisoners who were with him in jail (among them myself) and our friends are therefore approaching you: the national religious communities, the peace groups, the Black and Spanish speaking peoples, our many friends of the Harrisburg trial, students, teachers, all whom his life has touched. We are asking that, in every way possible, you bring, the facts about Philip to the attention of your people; that you approach political leaders on his behalf; that the clergy preach about his witness; that his books and writings be made the subject of discussions in classes. And so on. We believe that the outrageous treatment accorded this man of peace and love, can be made the occasion of a renewal of resolve among people of conscience. We believe that such a project is especially crucial in view of the national elections; since a victory of Nixon will spell more prison for Philip, as well as the imprisonment of more people like Philip.

What the consequences of four more years of vanity, violence, moral darkness will mean for the Vietnamese people, I leave to your own sorrowful sense of things. Truly we are enter-

ing a dark night; for many of us, a dark night of resistance. In it, we will desperately need the light bearing example of such a one as Philip.

— Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

## Honeywell

"IT'S too bad we cannot sanitize our minds" says Security Tip No. 129 from Honeywell's Aerospace and Defense facility in St. Petersburg, Florida. "Develop a habit of talking about your hobby, sports, or other matters not related to your job or company."

Very appropriate for a company which has attempted to wash the last vestiges of conscience and responsibility from the brains of its researchers, technicians and workers in order to produce its quota of death-dealing, crippling weaponry for Southeast Asia. Honeywell is contracted for two-thirds of the anti-personnel weapons, sensing devices and computers used in the current phase of the airwar.

The national campaign by Clergy and Laymen Concerned to force a change in Honeywell military contracting policy is a thorn in the corporate side: increasingly painful.

When CALC organizers attempted to work in Boston Honeywell plants to raise the issue of anti-personnel production, they were met by

Please turn to page 6

## JAIL CONT'D

one is black. WTTG recruits a black minister behind the police line to serve as lightman. Others follow suit. Union technicians are getting uptight. Crowd gathers around Mary Barry. Union man returns to police lines: "They've agreed to pay one day's pay to a soundman and electrician at NBC and WTTG." Susan Truitt of WTTG covers herself: "If I don't get sound on film [from the amateur operator], I'm not paying for a soundman." . . . Nine hostages and a frigging union dispute is going on outside. . . . Deputy Chief Owen Davis is playing out his role of being the top bull on the force, threatening a reporter who stood in the wrong place. But this is a sensitive situation, requiring subtlety, and they're keeping Davis out of the foreground.

Now here's Marion Barry. They're going to let all the reporters in. "Show your press passes and go in quietly. Nothing is happening in there. Don't rush in." Into an anteroom behind the front door. The door locks behind us. A dozen CDU men with tear gas are lounging in the room. The door to the visitors rotunda opens and there are the prisoners; the lawyers rushed down by Judge Bryant — 30 or 40 of them including James Heller and Ralph Temple of the ACLU; District Building types like Dugas, Duncan and Yeldell; Walter Fauntroy and Sterling Tucker; negotiators Ron Goldfarb and Julian Tepper; guards; cops; all milling around a cavernous room under huge bad 1940's murals including one of raising the flag at Iwo Jima. The echo is jamming out the voice of the prisoner on a table trying to explain that the man beside him had been beaten by a prison guard while the court hearing was in progress. They're mad. What is happening? A turn for the worse? Why are we in there? Why are some of the most powerful and some of the weakest men in the city wandering around this towering

hall listening to each other, shouting at each other? It's like one of Fellini's movies. And there's nobody around to explain. Why have the prisoners seemed to be talking sense and the unjailed seemed bound and gagged? There's a news conference going on, but you have to be at mike's length to catch the words. There's a prisoner yelling at jail head Anderson McGruder, who's not saying anything back. No it's not a movie. But the set of a movie, maybe about Attica, during a break. In real life, congressmen, councilmen and newsmen don't mill around in a jail hall with two hundred prisoners. Prisoners don't go up to the jailer like at some reception and tell him off. . . .

The press has regrouped. Standing on a table, you can see a guard talking to the mikes: "I feel okay. They treated me all right." The hostages are being released.

It is real, after all. Julian Tepper says the inmates lived up to every commitment. They released the hostages because "we promised to stay until their problems were dealt with."

Earlier that day Charles Rodgers, deputy chief of corrections, had said, "If there's one shot, we're going in there and shoot all 182 of them [inmates in the rebellious cellblock]. Now negotiator Tepper is hugging Rodgers.

Time to go home. . . . What had happened? Was it a real event — or just a commercial from the dispossessed? "We'll be back after this brief reminder from the prisoners at the D.C. Jail." Was it a victory for the jailed or a successful exercise in crisis management? . . . Shirley Chisholm was beautiful. Marion and Mary were. So were Tepper, Hardy, Goldfarb, Petey Greene. "Judge Bryant handled it beautifully," said a civil rights lawyer. Beautiful. Beautiful. Unless you are still in cellblock 1. . . . What's beautiful about bailing out bureaucrats or a Congress too scared or mean to introduce simple decency to the city jail? It was just a dirty business compelled by the need to save ten lives. Ms. Chisholm, the Barrys, Tepper, Petey Greene don't want cheers; they want something done about the jail.

— SAM SMITH

**d.c. gazette**

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"A good newspaper should comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

— Anonymous

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## ARTICLE POLICY

The Gazette welcomes articles and letters. Articles 1000 words or less and letters of less than 500 words stand the best chance of being printed. We also welcome photographs. We cannot, unfortunately, pay for contributions at this time. If you wish unused contributions returned, please enclose a stamp, return addressed envelope. Mail manuscripts to the D.C. Gazette, 109 8th St. NE, DC 20002.



THE NEW EISENHOWER Convention Center will be adaptable for use by the circus. Which raises the question of what other events, originally planned for the now-defunct downtown arena, might turn up in the civic center.

THE WASHINGTON TEACHER'S UNION and the Americans for Democratic Action have endorsed Charles Cassell for Delegate.

THE HOSPITALITY HOUSE CREDIT UNION in Near NE is going to erect its own building at 1112 H NE. Although it is located in Model Cities and urban renewal areas, the credit union is financing the construction on its own. It is the first new building on H Street since the riots. The growth of credit unions has been one of the happier biproducts of the anti-poverty programs. It's just too bad the federal and local government haven't done more to build these alternatives to conventional banking.

WHUR let James Brown have it for his support of the President's reelection. Said Howard's radio station: "James Brown is still soul brother No. 1, but as a politician, he ain't doodle squat worthless."

BAD NEWS ON THE PLANNING SCENE this past fortnight included word that the Monocle and the Carroll Arms are now officially

## EYE ON DC

doomed to make way for the Senate garage. . . . A CONVENTION CENTER of dubious economics has been approved for a center-city site by Congress, thereby setting the stage for more urban removal. . . . THE ZONING COMMISSION has ruled out future personal care homes for the aged and infirm in single-family neighborhoods without special permission. Councilman Henry Robinson wants your help to get this changed. . . . AND THE RLA voted to go ahead with heavy development in a section of the 14th Street area, a development that will remove 105 low-income households and put in only 81 new low-income units. Eighty-four percent of the people now living on 14th Street facing eventual eviction don't qualify for the kind of housing being put up. It's Southwest in slow motion.

ONE PIECE OF MIXED NEWS: It was good that Congress is putting DC Transit in public ownership — but why Metro? Metro is another absentee landlord, with two-thirds of the voting stock in the suburbs. Over 80% of DCT riders are in the District but suburban bureaucrats will determine what sort of service we have here. . . . FURTHER Metro is talking of using busses primarily

as feeders to the subway, which raises two issues: Will needed runs be cut back forcing people to ride what may well be a more expensive form of transit? How many people will be forced into a multi-transfer situation as a result of the Metro policy? Keep your eye on this one. The bloom may be off faster than you think. The bus system is now hostage to the finances of Metro — and they aren't all that promising.

ONE PIECE OF GOOD NEWS: The effort to force construction of the Three Sisters Bridge failed when House-Senate conferees failed to reach agreement on a highway bill. Gives us some breathing space.

DISTRICT LOCK AND HARDWARE HAD A bag containing \$1400 in cash and checks stolen from its premises on Oct. 6. Nothing is sacred anymore.

A STATEHOOD PARTY WORKER was arrested for distributing statehood literature outside the White House.

A FEDERAL JUDGE HAS REFUSED to allow the United Black Fund to be included on the check-off list for federal workers. DC employees can, however, deduct UBF contributions from their paychecks.

## CAMPAIGN CONT'D

Palisades Citizens Association, which had just voted after extensive debate to join the Federation of Civic Associations, applauds Fagg as they will every speech and answer during the evening. Fagg is low-keyed; perhaps his most important message that evening is never stated, only received: the citizens of Palisades actually sat in the same room with a member of the SWP and it didn't hurt a bit. The Revolution comes slowly.

William Chin-Lee, supposedly the major pretender to the delegate seat reads his speech — reads it in the style of a junior high student delivering the best essay in the class to the PTA. He's shy, halting and dull. The words seem to come out of the wrong mouth.

I had expected more. A few days earlier a news release had arrived concerning the Chin-Lee for Congress One Dollar Rally. It said:

"Mr. Fauntroy," Chin-Lee charged, 'has become a rabbleroising politician who is more dedicated to his own political future than to finding solutions to the District's problems. Is this the same man who was elected two years ago? No, it is not!'

"This barrage followed Harry S. Wright, Chairman of the Chin-Lee One Dollar Rally. . ."

Chin-Lee tried the barrage at Palisades. It misfired. Fauntroy said he was glad Bill had found a good speech writer.

Someone asked Bill a question about his policies for lowering property taxes and crime rates. Chin-Lee said that was a very general question and could it be made more specific.

"That's what I'm trying to get you to do," replied the questioner, "to be specific about some of your programs."

"Well, (pause), could you break the question down?"

"Okay, how about crime?"

"Well (pause) I think we need (pause) a new (pause) policy to lower crime. . ."

Next question.

Chin-Lee says he can do more in Congress because he's a Republican. He wants quality education, better housing, regional medical centers, and an end to the sales tax on food. He said Nixon told him that he was counting on getting 18% of the vote in the District.

I went back to the news releases for more substance. "Entertainment was provided by the Chin-Lee-etts and a teeny drum and bugle corps."

Next candidate.

Walter is fun to watch, especially when he's under attack. He looks shocked, amused,

perplexed, frustrated and helpless in quick succession moving the features of his face with a mimic's plasticity. Then he gets up and tells it like it should have been. Two years ago he transformed himself into Martin Luther King's greatest friend; this year he is John McMillan's worst enemy. He speaks of 'McMillan, whose demise I take personal credit for.'

Charles Cassell suggests, "I rather think his opponent had something to do with it."

Walter likes to sing "Impossible Dream" but he doesn't understand Don Quixote. The old man actually tilted at windmills, albeit under a misapprehension as to their true nature. He never claimed to have tilted with knights without having tilted at something. That's the difference between him and Fauntroy. Fauntroy's delusion is deeper. If he were the label on a jar of peanut butter, the FDA would ban him.

Walter doesn't have a lot to talk about. Besides his victory in North Carolina, he tells people that "I was able to get two straight liberals appointed to the [House District] Committee." He also says he almost got conservative Republican Alvin O'Konski to vote for home rule, but "at the insistence of the White House, Mr. O'Konski didn't show up."

Some House members find Walter's egocentric view of congressional politics amusing. Said one: "Doesn't he know that O'Konski is known up here for sending around Xeroxed news clippings of D.C. snafus and writing across them, 'And they want home rule!'"

The truth of the matter is that Walter hasn't done much on the Hill. His weakness — as an arithmetician of power is matched only by his faults as an autobiographer. Eschewing the opportunity for righteous anger, he has succeeded only in annoying his colleagues for reasons that have little to do with the organic needs of the District. And he has spent an inordinate amount of time trying to enhance his image, an effort that has all the subtlety of a second-string movie star attempting to score on the Johnny Carson show. One senses a growing disenchantment with his style and lack of substance, a disenchantment that was bitterly expressed by the prisoners in the DC Jail affair, who rejected Fauntroy's help in favor of Shirley Chisholm, an act made all the more sharp by the memory that Ms. Chisholm had been locked out of the D.C. primary by Fauntroy. It should be noted, however, that Walter, faced with the embarrassment at the jail, could have gone home — or, like Walter Washington, never have come. But he stayed through the end instead, and it was an action more impressive than all his petty pretensions.

How much Charles Cassell has gained from the spreading disillusionment with Fauntroy is questionable. Cassell has been hurt by the

lack of media attention, the difficulty of raising money for a local campaign this year, the fact that a number of the Statehood Party's best workers have drifted towards the national People's Party campaign of Spock and Hobson, and by Cassell's own not too aggressive approach to campaigning.

Cassell is an appealing candidate. He wins votes whenever he speaks. But he hasn't gotten around enough; people aren't coming out to formal meetings and Cassell doesn't have the troops to dig them out of their homes in door-to-door canvassing.

It's too bad. Cassell has been one of the few people in this town, week in and week out, on hand to fight about all those issues that make a difference. Fauntroy wasn't there in the battle against the youth curfew; Charlie was. Fauntroy wasn't there in the fight against COG's proposed secret police force; Charles was. Fauntroy wasn't there when the peace folk got arrested in the Capitol; Charles was. Fauntroy wasn't there in the numerous recent struggles against more freeways (in fact, Fauntroy favors more freeways); Charlie was. Fauntroy wasn't there fully supporting the teachers in their strike; Charlie was. And so on.

But if Fauntroy is going to win anyway, why bother to support Cassell? The question should be put another way. If Fauntroy is going to win anyway, why bother to support him? Is his problem the lack of a popular mandate? Of course not. It is possible that if he had a bit less of a mandate, he might work harder and more effectively. A vote for Fauntroy will just reenforce his self-delusions and we'll still be in need of a delegate to fight for the District.

A vote for Cassell would be a way of telling the Rev to get on with it, while at the same time advancing the cause of statehood. Further, anyone who doubts the advantage of having Charlie Cassell and the Statehood Party on the tail of Fauntroy and the Democratic Party over having William Chin-Lee, Jack Nevius and the Gops, should just go hear the Republican candidate for Congress one time or sit in on the deliberations of the Republican-dominated City Council, a body that flows with all the vigor of a toilet plugged by Pampers.

In a year when Herblock's worst nightmare appears to be on the verge of coming true, there is some comfort to be taken in the thought that locally your vote can make a difference. It would be a shame to blow it confirming Walter Fauntroy's grandiose assessment of himself, when you could be ringing up another tally for full self-determination, statehood, and for a candidate, Charles Cassell, who would try to achieve it.



## LETTERS CONT'D

stiff resistance from management who feared such organizing would lead to unionization of the plant.

Honeywell frequently attempts to play off one union against another as it has in its European plants where workers are abruptly dismissed as Honeywell rides off to new markets and labor sources. Such tactics ensure management control of the decision-making process and power within the corporation.

Washington CALC, along with dozens of other such groups across the country, is challenging management officials whose concern for "career" causes them to relinquish responsibility for their actions; stockholders whose concern for maximizing profit causes them to give up their voting power to the managerial elite; and workers whose concern for job security causes them to sell away their right to organize and raise a dissenting voice.

Maybe Honeywell employees in Bethesda, McLean, Springfield, Rosslyn and Annapolis will soon realize that powerlessness is a terrible price to pay for a clean mind and a clean conscience.

MIKE RIESCH

## Day care funding

THE Capitol East Children's Center has, after two years of negotiating, finally signed a contract with the Department of Human Resources for the provision of childcare.

Since August 3, childcare is being provided to 30 children, employing 10 persons and enabling 30 members of the children's families to accept and continue in training and employment.

Because of delays in obtaining funding the Children's Center has indebtedness amounting to a total of \$11,000. Its assets obtained through benefits, foundation grants and donations are committed through December 31 to meet these debts.

The House and Senate has passed its historic Revenue Sharing Bill with an attached amendment imposing a ceiling of \$2.5 billion to Title IV-A funds, distributed among the states on the basis of population with new rules for spending the money. There are six kinds of services that can be funded at the 3-to-1 rate. These are childcare, foster home care, services to the mentally retarded, alcoholics and drug addicts and of course, family planning.

The District's share of this would be \$9.2 million. But according to the officials of the District, it has spent about that amount since July 1. If this is so, implications are obvious; centers like the Capitol East Children's Center might have to be closed, because money will be withdrawn. Thus day care centers actually providing excellent, high quality childcare

programs and affecting hundreds of families will have to close.

But there is no reason for Title IV-A funds to be withdrawn if the District abides by the legislative requirement of H.R. 14370 and funds those programs in the District actually providing daycare now to children so that members of their family might work or train for work.

On behalf of our children, families and employees, I urge the District careful compliance with the requirement of H.R. 14370 and continue funding the Capitol East Children's Center.

GLORIA M. PANTON, DIRECTOR  
CAPITOL EAST CHILDREN'S CENTER

DUNBARTON COLLEGE, which recently announced that it will be closing its doors, has had other plans for its campus for nearly two years. The Gazette has learned that the college applied to the Zoning Commission in February 1971 for permission to upgrade the zoning on its 23-acre site to permit highrise apartment dwellings. The site is one of the largest private tracts in the city open for development. It adjoins the Van Ness Center and is across the street from the old Bureau of Standards site.

## RACE CONT'D



Often a doctor's examination is required. Tom has prepared by running up to sixteen miles a day - ninety miles a week. He runs long distances, at a moderate seven or eight minute a mile pace - about eight miles an hour. Last month he ran the marathon in Central Park (26 miles, 385 yards) and broke three hours, a big time barrier in the marathon. His good performance in that event he attributes partially to his pre-event diet.

The diet extends over six days not including the day of the race. The first three days he eats only protein, "That's tough because the runner's body craves carbohydrates." The final three days he stuffs himself with nothing but carbohydrates, mainly Hungry Jacks premeasured

pancakes and dumplings. In theory, he is unloading the glycogen from the cells in his muscles in order to super-saturate the muscles with glycogen in the final three days. That's the energy his body will use during the race. If there is not enough glycogen in his muscles, other parts of his body will start breaking down to supply the energy and that, he says, can be pretty nasty - not deadly - but unnecessary punishment for vital organs. Some runners are into masochism.

Tom also keeps a vial of pills including vitamin E, dessicated liver, beef protein, vitamin C, pectin - 32 pills in all. He takes this stew once a day. In that sense running could be almost as expensive as yachting. His wife says he has run through so many shoes he now can re-sole his own and keeps a large wardrobe of running shoes on hand. A runner is only as good as his feet. Tom had trouble with his, and several orthopedic surgeons and podiatrists later came up with a special insert to keep his feet in balance.

At one-thirty when all the runners have crossed the finish line the day is even clearer than it started and the breeze has not abated. Max White, from Princeton has won in 3:44:58. Ted Corbitt, who is well into his fifties, came in third in 4:02:15. Tom Baum finishes ninth - 4:23:32. He is first in the forty to forty-four year old category. His prize is a big silver trophy with a runner on top. Monday there will be no mention of Tom, or even Max or Ed in the Washington Post or Star-News sports pages. After all Sonny Jurgenson has been connecting all day with Charley Taylor and runner Larry Brown has been punishing the Cardinals' line at five yards a try, and most of Washington has been on their rear ends watching.

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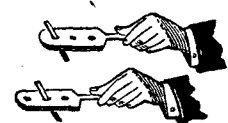
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# CLASSIFIEDS



## MISC

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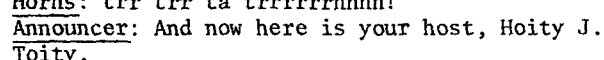
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**EGBERT SOUSÉ**

Music: Loud bass drums and trumpets from "Fanfare for the Common Man." Fades under -



Announcer: Hoity J. Toity appears through the courtesy of Hoity J. Toity Enterprises and was

**MELVIN R. WRIGHT**

MELVIN R. Wright, a student at Federal City College, conducted this study of WTOP-TV for one of his courses. The above is a condensation of his report.

Perhaps the most horrifying statistic of all involves the lack of mention of self-determination for D.C. In a city that has no self-govern-

Here is a summary of the time spent on various issues:

1. Sports	19.2
2. Vietnam	8.2
3. Protests	6.1
4. Miscellaneous	6.0
5. Primaries	5.4
6. George Wallace shooting	4.3
7. Weather	4.3
8. Nixon Administration	4.0
9. Tragedy & accidents	3.5
10. ITT investigation	3.5
11. Governmental agencies	3.2
12. News concerning blacks	2.9
13. Movie reviews	2.8
14. Congress	2.6
15. Maryland primary	2.3
16. Maryland government	2.2
17. Commentary	2.0
18. DC gov't (except police)	1.8
19. Major trials	1.8
20. Drugs	1.7
21. Foreign affairs	1.7
22. Space	1.6
23. District programs	1.4
24. Prisons	1.4
25. Crime	1.2
26. Economics	0.9
27. Highjackings	0.8
28. Virginia government	0.8
29. DC police	0.7
30. Defense	0.5
31. Media criticism of Nixon Administration	0.3
32. Metro	0.2
33. Supreme Court	0.2



## FILMS New York Film Festival

JOEL E. SIEGEL

THE New York Film Festival just celebrated its tenth birthday and, from all appearances, is in excellent health. Virtually every seat was sold for all 22 screenings at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall. I'm a great partisan of the Festival; without it, many of the best and most innovative international films would pass unnoticed in this country. This is not to say that the Festival is without flaws. I often wonder how Director Richard Roud and his selection committee (which this year included Henri Langlois, Andrew Sarris and Susan Sontag among others) are able to come up with such unredeemably lousy shorts year after year. I could also do without the long, fatuous panel discussions which follow some of the screenings and would like to know why the American films selected by Roud and his staff are almost inevitably inferior to those stemming from other countries. Still, one glance at the list of films presented by the Festival over the past decade more than justifies these shortcomings. And to see such unusual films in the comfort of Alice Tully with its splendid projection facilities and acoustics is a moviegoer's dream. The Festival annually comes in for a lot of criticism, but not from anybody who really loves movies.

My coverage of the Festival isn't complete. Due to commitments here at home, I had to miss promising new films by Eric Rohmer, Satyajit Ray, Luis Bunuel and Bernardo Bertolucci. I'll have to catch up with these when they open in Washington. I passed up several other films, among them Marcel Ophuls' *A Sense of Loss*, Joseph Losey's *The Assassination of Trotsky*, and Ken Loach's *Wednesday's Child* because they are scheduled to appear locally by the end of this month. And there were a few others, including Rainer Fassbinder's *Merchant of the Four Seasons* and two Lithuanian homecoming movies by the Mekas brothers, which I simply couldn't force myself to attend. Nevertheless, I saw a lot of movies in a very short time, and what follows are some of my impressions.

The most exciting of the films I saw was Miklos Jancso's *Red Psalm*, a balletic ceremony of liberation which, quite frankly, defies description, although somebody less enraptured than I might do a better job of it. In the whole of film history, there are possibly a dozen filmmakers who have evolved an unmistakably individual visual style. (Griffith, Eisenstein, Ophuls, Ozu, Bresson and Godard come immediately to mind. There aren't many others.) Jancso, a Hungarian originally trained as a lawyer, has spent the past ten years creating a strikingly personal and expressive body of work, refining and re-refining his style to the point of irreducible purity. Unfortunately, very few of his movies are shown in the U.S. and those few that do turn up from time to time, usually *The Roundup* and *The Red and The White*, are his most conventional and least demanding efforts. Jancso's style consists of very long, complicated, serpentine camera movements which are a formal equivalent of his perpetual theme — the endless interchange of repression and liberation in human history.

Like most Jancso films, *Red Psalm* is set on the vast, barren Hungarian plain. Peasant musicians are harassed by groups representing the forces of the state — the military and the clergy. The oppression increases but the peasants withstand it until they are slaughtered en masse in an enormous, geometrically choreographed execution. From this massacre, which turns the streams to crimson, a new spirit arises, exploding in a balletic burst of choreographed revolutionary retribution. Because the film exists outside of language, it's almost impossible to talk about it without making it sound awful or stomach-turning, which it decidedly is not. (The bullet-wound in a girl's hand subsequently metamorphoses into a scarlet



Red Psalm

flower.) There's simply been nothing quite like *Red Psalm* in previous movies. The endlessly circling horsemen, the stunning peasant girls dressing and undressing, the rich color and prowling camera movements, the beautifully rendered songs of liberation, all combine to dazzle the viewer. And the film's beauty does not in the slightest depend upon one's agreement with the expressed Marxist ideology. There is one camera movement which begins with a wounded peasant, then goes to a grain ceremony, then along an immense table laden with harvest bounty and ends in a dark church sparkling with hundreds of candles — all this, mind you, without a single cut — which leaves audiences trembling with beauty. Although *Red Psalm* is controversial — perhaps one hundred people walked out during the Festival screening — the one thousand who remained were audibly impressed and moved. *Red Psalm* was shown with a one-hour Polish film, *Behind the Wall*, a comedy-drama, shot mostly in close-up, about an unhappy girl and a young scientist. The film is very well acted but grows clichéd near the end and is probably too inconsequential, too easily forgotten when seen in the company of Jancso.



SCENE from Jancso's RED PSALM.

The other particularly distinctive film of the Festival was *Tout Va Bien* by Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin. Strongly reminiscent of Godard's great *Two Or Three Things I Know About Her*, *Tout Va Bien* (Everything's Just Great) marks Godard's return to commercial cinema, and a partial renunciation of the Maoist obscurantism and isolationism of his *Wind From the East* — See You At Mao period which confounded and annoyed movie buffs and revolutionaries alike. At a press conference following the screening, Godard admitted that for the past several years he has been "working in a ghetto" and that he now wants to address a larger public. To this end, he has used important international stars in *Tout Va Bien* (Jane Fonda and Yves Montand) and to point up this capitalist inconsistency in a Maoist-Marxist film, he has included a parody of the opening love scene of *Contempt*, Godard's legendary Joe Levine venture with Brigitte Bardot.

*Tout Va Bien* is an essay about the human exploitation of bourgeois capitalism. Fonda, a radio correspondent, and Montand, a Godard-

ian filmmaker reduced to shooting t.v. commercials, inadvertently become involved in a sit-down strike at a meat processing plant, an experience which deeply affects their professional and personal lives. From the opening shot, which shows the *Tout Va Bien* production checks being initialed while an off-screen voice says "To make a movie, you've got to have money," we are instantly aware that Godard is once again at the peak of his form — intelligent, self-contradictory, ironical. (I'm not sure about the extent of Gorin's contribution. Everything interesting about the film has Godardian antecedents.)

*Tout Va Bien* culminates in an extraordinary sequence in a vast supermarket-department store. In a ten minute shot, which has the camera slowly tracking back and forth along the line of check-out counters, Godard stages a little allegory about the rise, attack upon, and reestablishment of bourgeois capitalistic control, featuring excited shoppers, a worthless, old-line Communist writer, bemused check-out girls, Maoist students and armed police. Although the emphasis is different (Maoist rather than traditional Marxist) and the camera movement isn't quite the same (straight-line tracking rather than restless arcs), Godard's supermarket, like Jancso's plain, becomes a stage for presenting the endless cycle of violence taken against the working classes by all repressive systems. Much more needs to be said about *Tout Va Bien*, but I'll have to save it until the film opens here.



YVES Montand and Jane Fonda in *Tout Va Bien*.

Godard-Gorin's *Letter To Jane* was shown with *Tout Va Bien*. The 45 minute film has a typically Godardian subject: it is an investigation of the famous photograph of Jane Fonda in Hanoi. I greatly admire Godard's attempt in this film to analyze what an image contains and means, but I was disgusted by the vapidity and insolence of *Letter To Jane*, which somehow manages to insult Miss Fonda's courage and seriousness in making that trip, to unfairly misinterpret what the picture is saying and to affront the viewer's intelligence. Seeing the two films side by side, it



was almost inconceivable that both could be made by the same persons. I'd like to think that the subtle, clever, deeply felt Tout Va Bien was Godard's and Letter To Jane was Gorin's but I'm afraid that would be too simplistic a solution to the mystery. My hunch is that the chronically self-destructive Godard must have realized that he'd made another masterpiece in Tout Va Bien and had to do something to disfigure his triumph.

Summer Soldiers by Hiroshi Teshigahara (Woman In The Dunes) is a Japanese-American co-production and an interesting though deeply flawed semi-documentary film about an American Vietnam-deserter trying to hide out in Japan. Teshigahara has some carefully detailed things to say about the confrontation of American innocence and Japanese tradition, and the clash of cultures makes for often stimulating drama. Jim, an unworldly young Southerner, can't quite make contact with the Japanese bar girl who adores him or the series of oriental benefactors who harbor him or the leftist radicals who try to counsel him. At the end of the movie, he returns to the Army and court marshal, understanding that there's no escaping his American roots, that he's going to have to fight for change from within his tradition. Jim's experiences are counterpointed by monologues by Miguel, a Chicano deserter, who is preparing himself, both physically and intellectually, to return home and fight for his people against governmental oppression. Jim, as the film ends, has reached the point from which Miguel begins and the juxtaposition of the two young men is very effective. Summer Soldiers has several memorable scenes, particularly one in which an emotionally and sexually frustrated Jim tries to rape the wife of his Japanese host. The character of Jim is very well conceived, a precisely observed analysis of American rural innocence which, when thwarted, moves instantaneously from childish gentleness to frustrated violence. To a large extent, the film's success depends upon how this difficult role is played and I'm afraid that, in spite of his convincing, James Taylorish appearance, youthful Keith Sykes is too limited an actor to carry the film. Sykes' lack of authority probably dooms the film's commercial chances in the U.S. which is a shame because Summer Soldiers is clearly on the right track and offers, in compensation for Sykes, an affecting, Jeanne Moreauish performance by Lee Reisen as the B girl.



KEITH Sykes and Lee Reisen in Summer Soldiers.

Jacques Rivette's 252 minute L'Amour Fou has been waiting five years for an American airing. It's an impressive and potentially fascinating film, sort of an updated, neurotic Children of Paradise, but it is so bloated, so exhaustingly protracted, that very few audiences will be able to endure it. In L'Amour Fou, a theatrical director is rehearsing an experimental production of Racine's Andromaque (the rehearsal is being filmed by a t.v. crew) while, back at his apartment, his actress wife is gradually cracking up. Rivette (The Nun) deals with a number of absorbing themes - the interplay of life and art, the nature of private passion and obsession - and achieves some unusual effects by playing off the conventional 35 millimeter narrative footage against the grainy 16 millimeter of the t.v. filmmakers. In many ways, L'Amour Fou is an ideal Festival film; it is seriously experimental and wildly uncommercial. Still, it is such a minority item that none but the most dedicated moviegoers can possibly survive it. I admire it very much but only wild horses could drag me back to see it again.

The Paul Morrissey-Andy Warhol Heat strikes me as the most conventional and least interesting of the Warhol factory films. The movie's publicity claims that it has something to do with Sunset Boulevard but connoisseurs of daffy trash will instantly see that its true progenitor is Harry Keller's 1958 The Female Animal, a quasi-homosexual Hollywood

melodrama with mother Hedy Lamarr and daughter Jane Powell battling for the favors of George Nader. The Warhol freaks are very much in evidence but only the grotesque Pat Ast, a heavy



AT LEFT, Bulle Ogier in a scene from L'Amour Fou.

if ever there was one, is very diverting, Sylvia Miles, as the mother, is, in fact, an actress, unlike the Warhol regulars, and her carefully controlled performance works against the amateur night exhibitionism of the remaining cast and crew. Joe Dallesandro, hiding his genitals this time out, is more passive than ever and Andrea Feldman, a recent suicide, is pathetic in all senses of the word. (Had anybody connected with Heat cared anything about her, she would have been given some sort of medical care instead of having her madness exploited.) Earlier Morrissey efforts like Trash and Flesh have contained some arresting moments of revelation with the Warhol freaks unexpectedly, almost accidentally, showing us flashes of the disturbing poetry of the outer reaches of human experience. Heat, however, isn't much more than another bad Hollywood movie, the kind they don't make anymore and for good reasons. The added touches - dirty talk and masturbating mute retardates - really don't add much to the aging slop. Even people who like Warhol-Morrissey movies far more than I do, who love the nihilism and contempt for tender feeling, will probably find this one disappointing.



SYLVIA Miles with Warhol freaks Pat Ast and Joe Dallesandro in a scene from Heat.

I'm one of the minority who thinks Robert Altman's work is stylish junk at best (Mash, That Cold Day In The Park) and pretentious junk most of the time (McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Brewster McCloud). Altman's hyped-up visuals, his hip knowingness and perpetual fear/loathing of women make his films very hard to take. Possibly because I was expecting so little, I found Images - which might more honestly be entitled Repulsion in Eire - rather enjoyable. Susannah York, whom I usually dislike, is awfully good as the sex-obsessed, disintegrating girl and is well supported by everybody but René Auberjonois, Altman's favorite actor, who turns in still another rotten performance in still another style. Vilmos Zsind's narrow-palletted cinematography of County Wicklow is so pleasing that one can overlook Images' sex-and-death morbidity and enjoy it as a fairly good let's-get-out-of-the-house-and-see-a-movie-I-don't-care-what-evening-out.

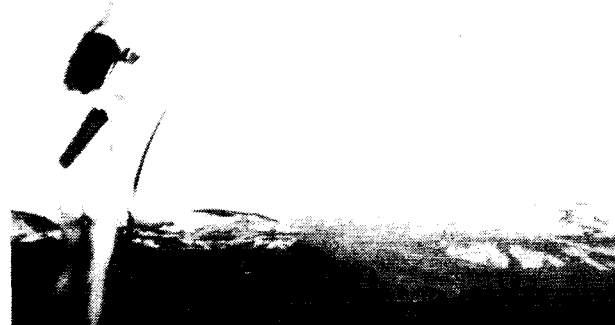
Francois Truffaut's Two English Girls is being fawned over by the New York press as the rival of Jules and Jim, his sublime film which the same group of critics deplored upon its American premiere. I think Two English Girls,



ROBERT Altman, director of Images.

based upon the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché (the author of Jules and Jim), is an unqualified disaster and the final verification of Truffaut's current creative bankruptcy. Just as Bed and Board managed to trivialize every good thing about the Antoine Doinel movies, Two English Girls transforms materials virtually identical to those of the haunting Jules and Jim into something lifeless, mannered, tiresome and, finally, stupid. Jean-Pierre Leaud is inert and ridiculous as Claude, a young Frenchman in love with the two English sisters. Stacey Tendeter is whiny and unattractive as Muriel, leaving only lovely, inexperienced Kika Markham to carry the film. Tricked out with lots of references to the Brontës and Proust to woo critics with pretensions, Two English Girls is a trap for culture vultures, a dead bird of a movie. (Even though I dislike the film, I question whether the Festival should have shown the 105 minute American release version. Truffaut's original film ran 135 minutes and, for better or worse, his artistic will should have been respected.)

Near the bottom of the list is Philippe Garrel's Inner Scar (La Cicatrice Interieure), an hour-long hunk of pretentious twaddle featuring an embarrassing Nico and a nude Pierre Clémenti wandering through Death Valley and Iceland to agonized John Cale music and trilingual "poetry." The audience was in stitches, quite properly, and several people down front began chanting "I've Been Working On The Railroad" to the delight of all. Inner Scar is so bad that it's almost funny and maybe the Festival was right to show it since, obviously, it can't possibly be shown anywhere else. There were two accompanying shorts; one featuring an old man being repeatedly bitten by snakes and the other, a funny assemblage of old sex education films by Yale's Standish D. Lawder, which provided the only moments of pleasure of the whole absurd evening. Oh yes, the Living Theatre's Julien Beck appeared on-stage and made an appeal for the unjustly imprisoned Clémenti, who has been languishing in a Roman jail for 18 months. Hammy as Miss Helen Hayes on "This Is Your Life," Beck was hardly an adequate spokesman for the conscience of any theatre, living or dead. If I'm ever in any trouble, I hope that I will be spared such benefactors.



SCENE from Garrel's Inner Scar.

Last, and in every way least, there was Maurice Pialat's We Won't Grow Old Together, a second film by the director whose impressive L'Enfance Nue played here briefly under the title Me. We Won't Grow Old is a hatefully protracted chronicle of the end of an affair between a married filmmaker and his girlfriend. Marlene Jobert, the fastest rising French actress, is as unattractive as she is untalented and the only passably entertaining moment occurred when somebody made a reference to her "rat's legs" and the Festival audience cheered. Jean Yanne is much better as the hot-tempered filmmaker, a performance which, the Festival program reminded us, won him a Best Actor Award at Cannes. What the program failed to indicate is that Yanne, who has worked with Godard and Chabrol, refused to accept the award and denounced the film as "a piece of crap." I think we need more people in movies with as much candor, and talent, as Jean Yanne.



## ART Sign of the Times

ANDREA O. COHEN

"HOW did you know we were here?" asked James Gregg, surprised that anyone, and especially a stranger to Far Northeast Washington, should know his cultural workshop and gallery exists. More familiarly known as The Sign of the Times, it is a brave and obviously lonely venture, and the only one of its kind in all Far Northeast. The area houses 90,000 people, some 41,000 of whom are under 21.

The Sign of the Times was started two years ago by James Gregg and D'Anne Dubois, a dancer. Gregg was born and raised in Far Northeast and graduated first from the Corcoran



School and then the Art Institute in Chicago. "Talented youths," he says, "leave because they see no future in Far Northeast." Gregg left, but only to return and try to bring back some of the creative action he saw in Chicago and elsewhere, and give youngsters an alternative to what they now have in Far Northeast, which is very little indeed.

The Far Northeast is an isolated, officially neglected area; 75 percent of its residents earn less than the national average. It is physically cut off from the rest of the city, but also has little cohesion as a community. There are no local newspapers and until recent completion of the highrise Woodson High School (where Gregg will be holding workshops), there was no secondary school in the area.

"The youth today," says Gregg, "have only idle time, which breeds frustration, anxieties and the inevitable results of juvenile delinquency." Their role models, he says, are the guys with the Eldorado cars and natty clothes. Most of the kids are still too young to know that the finery is usually stolen, and that under the cool exterior, their heroes are as scared and insecure as they themselves are. If crime doesn't pay, the kids don't know it. The cons just vanish and don't broadcast where they've been if they return.

Gregg sees great potential, however, in having interested Lorton inmates help with youngsters. The kids can identify with them, and the inmates, unlike most people on the outside, can cope, without losing their cool, with the chaos created by unruly kids. Gregg is convinced he would now be in Lorton with many of his childhood chums, if it hadn't been for his art and a grandmother who taught him to "work, be honest and proud, and most of all to take care of things."

At 37, he is intense, yet quite calm and open; there is much integrity here and no ostentation. He began his workshops in two rooms in Lincoln Heights with welfare children. "Our whole thrust," he says, "is to reach youngsters early before their minds are set. We have to show them they can make money with art, because material things are everything to them. But in the meantime, they also learn to like art... A lot of my friends think I'm crazy. They say people here don't care... D'Anne and I have done everything but rob and steal to keep this organization alive."

The Sign of the Times workshops have offered free activities to some 600 youths, aged four to sixteen in schools, churches, libraries and housing projects. Last summer with the donation of a house and a half acre of land, a gallery and general headquarters were established at 605 56th Street, NE, just a block from the new high school. It is called Mrs. Powell's Gallery in honor of Gregg's grandmother whose dream was "to help those children, forgotten, in the Far Northeast area, and to promote the pride and talents within this area." In June an exhibition of African art lent by the Museum of African Art, was mounted, with help from the Museum's staff. Gregg and Ms. Dubois were high on hope, while working 17 and 20 hours a day teaching and preparing for better days. They look forward to opening a theater, a library for the arts, a photo lab and publications center. But, the effort exhausted Ms. Dubois and since then, the dog days of August have passed into harder times with Gregg working virtually unaided and without immediate prospects for financial aid. Unless infused with funds, the Sign of the Times can not survive.

Gregg's financial difficulties are not caused by anything he has either done or failed to do. There is much apathy and suspicion in the community itself, but no resources to speak of. People there are accustomed to storefronts which come and go, and will be impressed only by visible success. Outside contributors are wary when funds can not be solicited at home. Nor does Gregg have resources with which to reach out and find people with money and interest. "It's all business," he says. "Contributors want a return on their investment, and see no prospects here. There's no profit in poverty and scarce funds are funneled into the Northwest."

While the Anacostia Museum has the Smithsonian behind it, and Peggy Cooper's Workshop for Careers in the Arts has the resources of George Washington University, James Gregg stands alone. Moreover, his timing is unfortunate. Topper Carew's New Thing, for example, grew in the Adams-Morgan area of Northwest (with the help of jazz musician and artist Lloyd McNeill) when blacks were "in." As a leader of CORE said recently, blacks are not as popular this year.

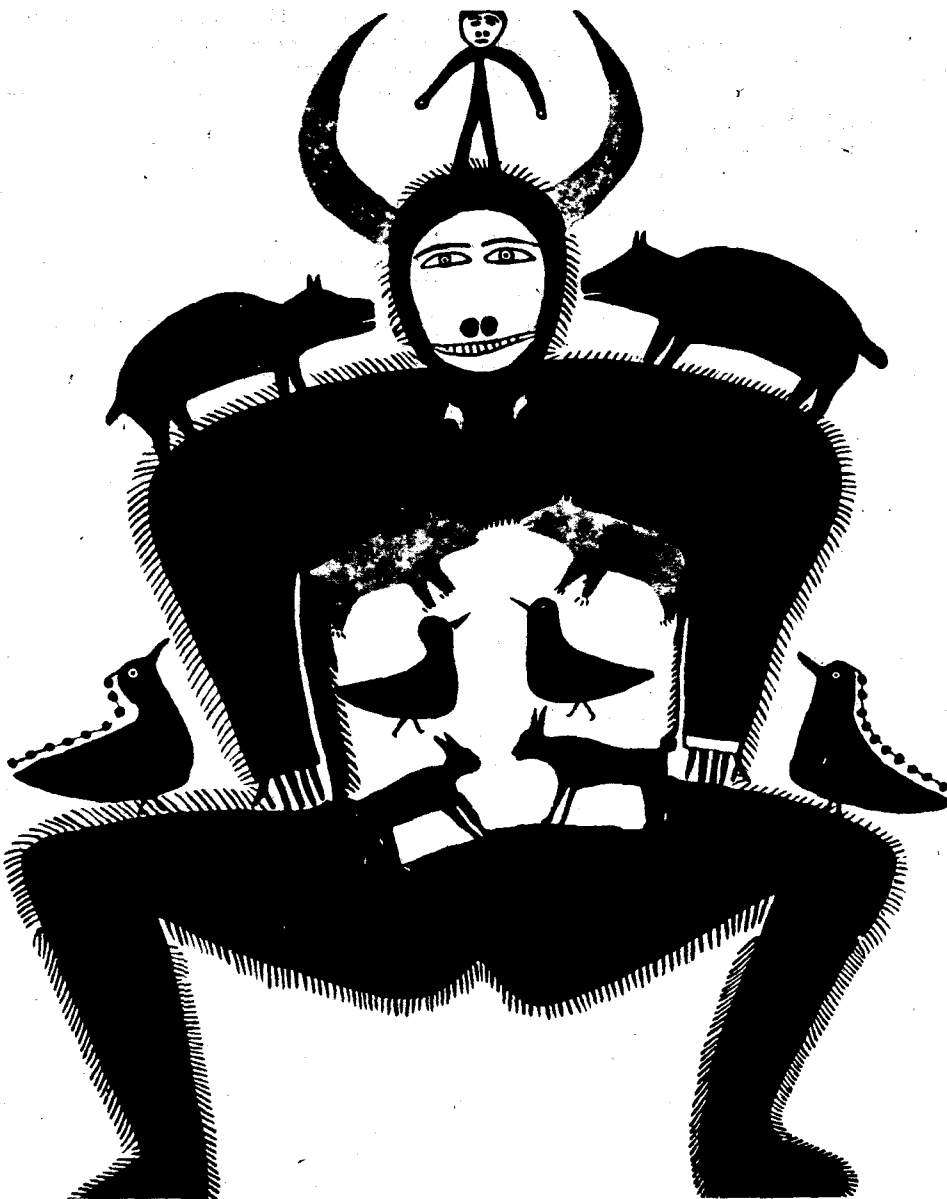
The Sign of the Times is also in need of volunteers. The address: 605 56th Street, NE, 20019. The phone number 399-3400.

## ART No word for it in Eskimo

WE may view as odd and new-fangled the attitude of some of our own modern artists who regard the mere act of working in art as more important than creating valuable art objects, but it is as old as art itself. Eskimos had been carving just for the sake of carving for an estimated 4,000 years until they were exposed to the white man and his commercial view of art. In fact, the Eskimos seemingly have no word for "art." Until recently, it was simply a natural part of life for these isolated nomadic people to carve away throughout long dark winter afternoons, while waiting for the endless winter to lift. They worked only in the round until some twenty years ago, because they had no examples of images on two-dimensional surfaces, such as printed books, pictures, or TV. Ancient Eskimo carvings as well as modern Eskimo sculpture and prints are on display at the Franz Bader Gallery through November 11. The exhibition includes the largest number of scarce whalebone pieces ever shown in one exhibition outside of Canada.

Eskimo artists also share with some modern Western artists a lack of concern with conventional "beauty," another word for which their language reportedly has no equivalent. Their art is no less beautiful for it, but the goal of carving is to convey a spirit, or feeling, and create a likeness. Like African artists, the Eskimo have long been using the language of art, instead of the written word, to document and preserve their culture, which is rooted in myths and spirits, the hunt and intricate family ties. As hunters with a sense of humor, and butchers who know their anatomy, they create, with great warmth and vitality, whales, seals and the other creatures inhabiting their frozen land.

While the coming of white trappers was



responsible for a decline in Eskimo art beginning in the 18th century, the coming of

one white Canadian artist, James Houston in 1948, helped revive it and launch its modern



Please turn to page 15



## "THE HAND AND THE SPIRIT"

"The Hand and the Spirit" at the National Collection of Fine Arts through November 5, exhibits the religious impulse in 'high' and 'naive' American art from 1700 to 1900.

## AMERICAN PIECED QUILTS EXHIBITION

Forty-five pieced quilts, most of them from the 19th century, showing the artistry and beauty of this again-popular folk craft will be exhibited at the Renwick Gallery through January 7th. Quilting demonstrations will be held at Renwick from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. October 23, 24 and 25. On October 14th Jonathan Holstein will lecture on Quilts and Quilt Collecting at Renwick at 3 p.m. Admission is free, but tickets are required and are available at the gallery information desk. Two tickets per person.

## ARTISTS EQUITY PREVIEW EXHIBITION

A preview showing of works by 47 Washington artists belonging to Artists Equity will be given an exhibit at the Corcoran from October 20 through November 19. It is being sponsored by the Associates of Artists Equity. The exhibition was organized in response to an invitation by the director of the Columbia Museum of Art, South Carolina where it will open in December. It will tour museums in the Southern and South-eastern US in 1973. Styles and media differ as much as the exhibiting artist's personality. The only collective identity is a desire to further their profession as artists, a goal for which Artists Equity was established in 1947, and for which it has worked ever since.

## BLACK AMERICAN THEATER SEASON TICKETS

The Black American Theater Company season subscriptions are still being accepted. You can see any four plays for \$10.00 or eight for \$20.00. Call 483-2251.

## SMITHSONIAN CONCERTS

The Smithsonian Institution of Performing Arts is presenting a monthly Sunday evening series of Jazz Heritage Concerts at the Museum of Natural History auditorium at 8 p.m. Info: 381-5395.

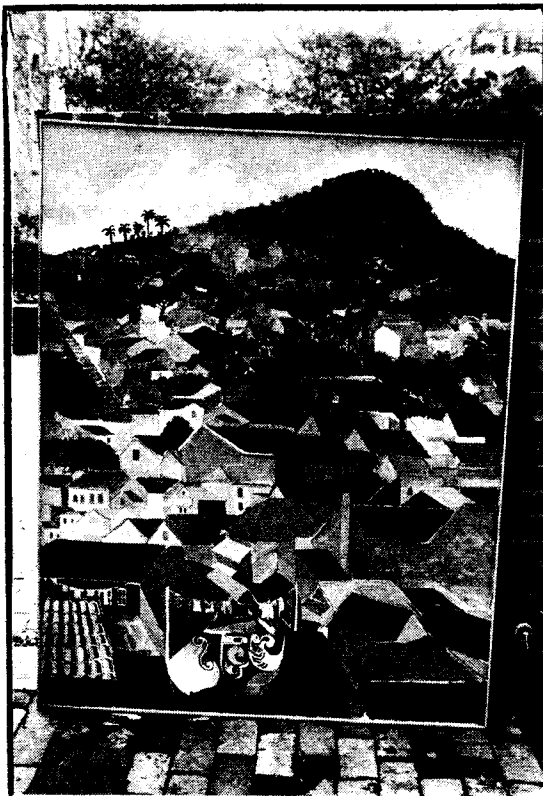
## NEW GALLERY OPENS

The Senning Gallery, Inc., specializing in 20th century European art, opened Oct. 15 at 1657 Wisconsin Avenue, NW under the direction of Ted Walter. Through November 15, tapestries by Vasarely, Mortenson, Millecamps, Daquin and Grau-Gariga are featured.



MICKEY Hartnett surrounded by Renny Temple, Ken Olsson and Ronn Robinson in the Washington Theater Club's revue "Spread Eagle Papers." (Photo by Daniel)

# NOTES ON THE ARTS



THIS painting was among those of Sarah McBryde exhibited in a one-woman show in the outdoor courtyard of the National Trust for Historic Preservation's Decatur House, 748 Jackson Place, NW. It will provide a garden showplace for community talent in the inner city. Ms. McBryde's show was the second in a series called "Contemporary Art in a Historic Setting." It followed a group show from the Corcoran School of Art.

Ms. McBryde's hot-colored, highly symbolic work is influenced by the patterns and colors of pre-Columbian textiles and ceramics. Her forte is in startling juxtapositions of color that set up vibrations. She has travelled extensively and lived in numerous Central and South American countries. A staff member of the art department of the Martin Luther King Library, she is also a master's candidate at American University.

The ceramic sculpture of Turker Ozdogan and banner-like acrylic paintings of Phil Pelino are on view at Decatur House through Oct. 31.

## JOSEPH SHANNON BEGINS CLASSES

Joseph Shannon, well-known Washington figure painter is beginning classes for beginning and advanced students in figure painting and drawing. Children's classes will be available on Saturdays. Classes are held in Washington and Virginia. Info: 893-7529.

## MUSIC

Organ recital by William Crusbie at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, Oct. 25 at 12:10 p.m. . . Auditions for soloists and chorus members for two operatic performances will be held by the Washington Civic Opera Association Oct. 28 from 1 to 5 and Oct. 29 from 2 to 5 in the Commerce Department Auditorium, 14th and E Streets, NW. 629-7249. . . A Swiss Folk Festival will be presented Nov. 8 at Lisner Auditorium, 21st and H, NW at 8:30. It is sponsored by the Department of Recreation. 629-7249 or 332-7770. . . Choral workshop, sponsored by the YWCA Music Department will be held Oct 26th from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. and Oct. 28th from 1:00 to 3:00, in Barker Hall, YWCA, 17th and K Streets, NW. ME8-2100, Ext.58. . . Community music program at the Cleveland Park Congregational Church, 3400 Lowell Street, NW, Oct 29th at 4 p.m. featuring the woodwind quintette from the DC Youth orchestra, "Mod Musik" by the Seventh Day Adventist Church and a choir from the Cleveland Park Church, featuring Adeline Guilbaud as soloist. Donation \$1.50. 363-8211.

## FOLGER LIBRARY TOURS

Folger Library tours are available free of charge to any group of five or more persons who make prior arrangement with program administrator, Jean Baxter (546-5370). Tours usually include slides and a talk as well as an introduction to the exhibition on view from the library's collections. They are usually not recommended for less than junior high school level children.

## THEATRE

"Godspell" at Ford's, 374-6260. . . "Spread Eagle Papers" at the Washington Theatre Club through Oct. 29, 466-8860. . . "A Tenth of an Inch Makes A Difference" at Back Alley Theater through Nov. 19, 723-2040. . . "Imamu" by the Black Repertory Company Workshop at the Last Colony Theater, 291-2877. . . "Jump at the Sun" at the Theater Lobby, EX3-5818. . . "Senior Prom" at O Street Theater Club, 234-4949. . . "Patience" at Georgetown University Theater through Oct. 29, 333-1789. . . "Julius Ceasar" at Catholic University's Hartke Theater through Oct. 29. . . After a week of previews "The Rapists," a tortured commentary on post-World War II Germany, opens at the Washington Theater Club Nov. 8. Written by Stephen Book, the play is directed by Dennis Turner.

## ART SHOWS

Dorothy Hunter at Spectrum through Nov. 5. . . "Multiplicity," painting and photographic silkscreen group show at the Art Barn through October. . . Gladys Gould at the Emerson, McLean, Va. through Oct. 28. . . Jack Perlmutter at the Goldman, Jewish Community Center, Rockville, Md. through Oct. . . Local Artists at Hodges, Alexandria through October. . . William de Looper at Jefferson Place through Oct. 28. . . Gene Davis at Max Protetch indefinitely. . . Tom Downing at the Pyramid through Oct. 28. . . John Barker at the Showcase (Washington Theatre Club) through Oct. 29. . . Ed McGowin at the Baltimore Museum through Nov. 5. . . "African Art in Washington Collections" at the Museum of African Art, indefinitely. . . Edith Martin and Henry Marshall at the Smith-Mason through Nov. 30. . . Pat Barron at the Studio Gallery through Nov. 11. . . Adam Peiperl's kinetic sculpture at the Museum of History and Technology through 1972. . . Janet Goswell's animal drawings at the Sign of Jonah through October. . . Angelo Corte at the Washburn Art Center, Gallaudet College through Nov. 19.



WILLIAM de Looper's paintings at the Jefferson Gallery through Oct. 28th.





## The 200 year itch

TOM MILLER

IF you think the nation's 200th anniversary is going to slip by you unnoticed, listen:

- A plan to commemorate the Boston Tea Party is in the offing from - who else? - Lipton Tea;
- Hallmark Greeting Cards will market a line with a revolutionary motif;
- The travel industry in the U.S. will be spending an estimated extra \$28 million to get you into the bicentennial swing of things;
- Baskin-Robbins already is promoting its revolutionary flavors, and Sara Lee has checked in with a bid to bake the nation's official 200th birthday cake;
- Plans are underway to tie in the Miss America Pageant, the Orange Bowl Parade, MacDonald's burgers and, appropriately, the Ringling Brothers' circus with the government-planned bicentennial of the American Revolution;
- And Ford Motor Company, Gulf Oil, IBM, and the T&T twins, I and A, are all making proposals for their "contributions" to the celebration.

What all these selflessly patriotic businessmen are after - at least for the moment - is the coveted "seal of approval" of the official American Revolution Bicentennial Commission (ARBC).

The seal will also go on pennants, shoulder patches, jewelry, cigarette lighters, school-book covers and balloons.

If emblems on consumer goods were all there were to worry about the government's program would be relatively harmless - just another case of mass marketing like the Beatles, Davey Crockett, or the Apollo program. Actually, it's a lot more insidious than that, contends Jeremy Rifkin. Rifkin heads ARBC's counterpart, a small outfit called the People's Bicentennial Commission (PBC).

"Nixon," says Rifkin, "has conceived a plan to manipulate the mass psychology of an entire nation back into conformity with his vision of what the American way of life should be." It's a "once in a lifetime opportunity to promote the virtues of the domestic status quo in an atmosphere supercharged with emotional patriotism."

But why listen to Rifkin? Let an ARBC staffer tell you: "The American bicentennial observance should be developed into the greatest single public opinion mobilization in our nation's history."

Working to counter this officially-sanctioned propaganda blitz is PBC, whose objective is to act out and encourage others to act out the ideals of the American Revolution. Formed just over a year ago, the People's Bicentennial Commission now has offices in Washington and Philadelphia and a full-time staff of thirteen.

PBC's constituency, in the view of its staff, are the millions of Americans with a "Common longing to the unfulfilled promises of the American heritage." In other words, they're after Wallace and McGovern supporters, civil libertarians and ethnics with whom the government is out of touch. PBC is a "radical" group in the literal sense of the word, but distinguishes itself from "the Left."

PBC's plans include comic books on the class conflict in the American Revolution, theater troupes which demonstrate the links between America's revolutionary heritage and the need for change today, a film called "1776" which gives an undistorted look at the first American Revolution and a bicentennial speaker's bureau.

The People's Bicentennial Commission is working with labor groups, the American Historical Society and even the Park Service in putting together programs. The Philadelphia office is working on a detailed tax "reform" proposal to reshape inheritance and corporate taxes; it's called Tax Equity for Americans (TEA) Party. Also, an Indian group is being formed independently of PBC, various women's coalitions are working on plans, and in Washington an Afro-American Bicentennial Corporation is underway.

PBC is different from most U.S. radical groups in that it is a continuous project, not

just a one-shot affair like a D.C. demo. And PBC head Jeremy Rifkin is not your normal run-of-the-slogan organizer. Even orthodox groups are considering aligning with the People's Commission instead of the government alternative: the relatively independent Smithsonian Institution, colleges and universities, and Leagues of Women Voters have to make a choice, and the blatant commercialism of ARBC often repels even the most innocuous groups.

Quite clearly, ARBC's goal is to win over the hearts and minds of Americans using the ruse of the bicentennial hogwash to rewrite history - and it gets ominous. Plans are underway to make sure every Boy Scout (and presumably every Girl Scout) wears a government bicentennial shoulder patch. Sports rallies are planned in large stadiums, with the government's bicentennial program as the theme. (This, Rifkin points out, is closer to the Hitler Youth Movement in Germany than the revolution in America.) The Pentagon will have a public awareness campaign on how the United States military serves freedom.

As part of the program, a California group wants to send around a roving display of American patriotism, -raveling from one suburban shopping center to another. It will include a time capsule (use your imagination for items included), a 180-second film on the history of the United States, and a giant scroll to collect signatures of an estimated 7 million Americans pledging their allegiance to the U.S. flag.

- AFS

THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN Voters is holding a symposium on land use, "Whither Washington?" on Nov. 1 at St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, 222 M SW. Info: 785-2616. The LWV says to bring your own sandwich. Coffee and cookies will be served.

BEN Bagdikian, author of The Shame of the Prisons, will speak on prison reform at the Church of the Reformation, 212 E. Capitol St., on Oct. 29 at 8 p.m. Following the talk there will be a panel discussion.



# Bringing it to the people

TOM ENGLEHARDT

IT was a normal day on the campaign trail for Richard Nixon. Sandwiched between enormously successful fund-raising dinners in New York City and Los Angeles was a three-hour dash through the San Francisco Bay area.

His carefully synchronized campaign schedule included meeting with top officials of the East Bay subway bureaucracy, enormously wealthy Republicans and "Nixon Youth;" but not a single encounter with an unplanned event or a normal unbriefed citizen.

Ninety buses chartered by the Republicans brought a crowd estimated at 5,000 to Oakland International Airport to greet the President. At 11:58, the Presidential jet, "Spirit of '76," landed. President Nixon entered the presidential limousine (flown in for the occasion) to tour the crowd area. Within minutes, his motorcade was on its way to the San Leandro station of the Bay Area Rapid Transit, the new ultra-modern subway system.

The whole BART system had been closed down for almost two hours. An estimated 3-5 thousand commuters, who would normally have used the line between 10:30 and 12:30, were rerouted to buses.

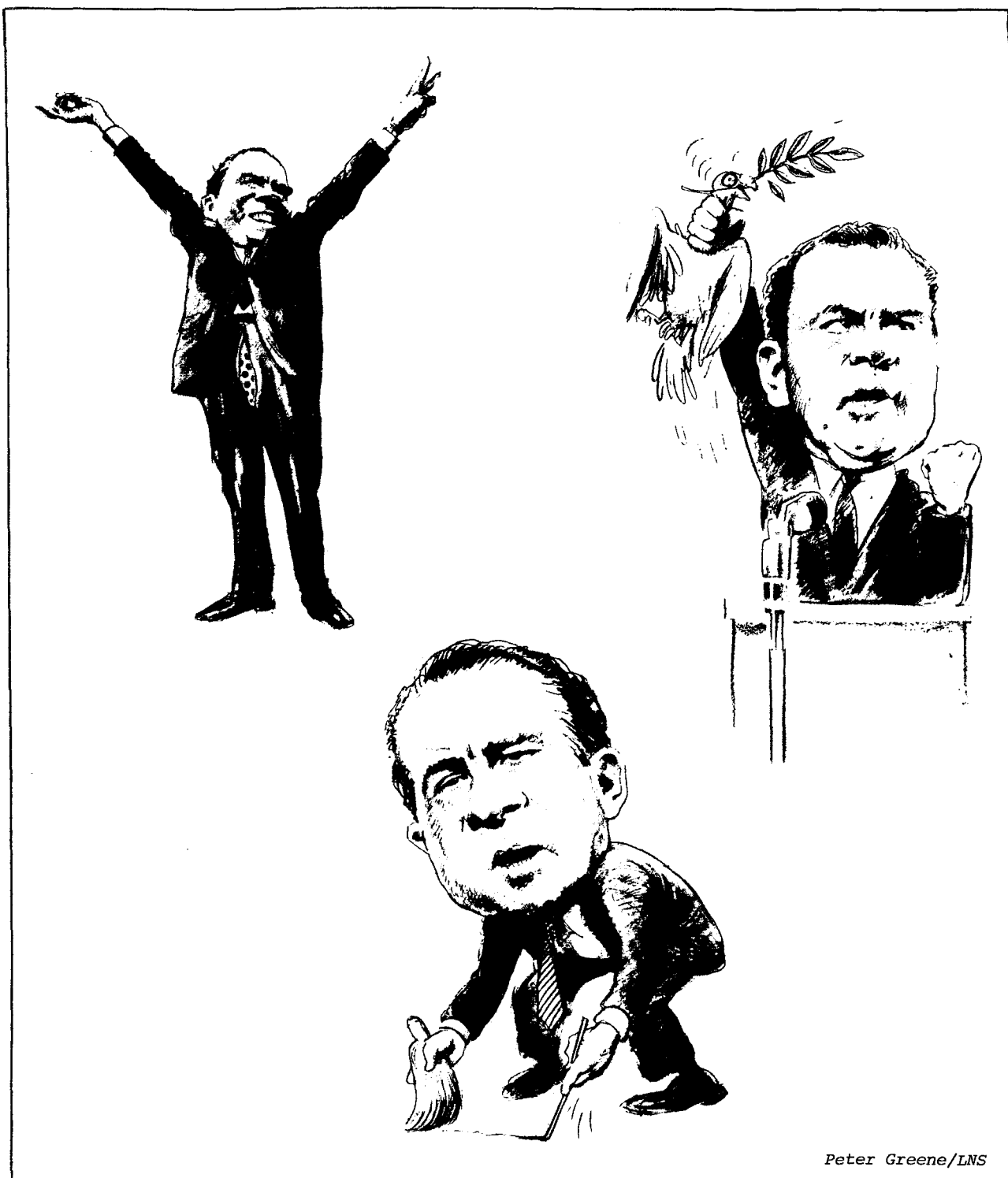
At 12:30 the President boarded one of BART's new cars for the ten-minute ride to Oakland's Lake Merritt station. During his visit, only three trains ran on the whole system: a lead train, the President's train, and an anchor train — "for security reasons."

President Nixon told B.R. Stokes, BART's General Manager: "I've been all over the world and this is the smoothest ride I've ever had." Not surprising; for, exercising his prerogatives, the President was passing swiftly through a landscape emptied of its everyday inhabitants.

According to a local Republican press spokeswoman, "he met with the BART biggies" at the Lake Merritt station. He brought them good tidings — a federal grant of \$38.1 million. Then back to his limousine.

With split-second timing, traffic was delayed all along the freeway so that the President's motorcade could pass by unmolested. At the Bay Bridge, all but three lanes were closed off and all normal traffic suspended while the Presidential motorcade sped, alone, across the Bay to San Francisco. "It was a perfectly smooth operation," said a Bridge Authority spokesman. "All in all it lasted only a few minutes."

Surrounded by several hundred policemen and large numbers of secret service agents, the motorcade avoided 500-1000 protestors and crowds of spectators by turning into a one-way alley beside the Sheraton Palace Hotel. There,



a hand-picked group of 100 Young Voters for the President greeted Nixon, chanting "Four more years!" and the President entered the corridors of the hotel which had been swept clear of on-lookers.

Moments later, he turned into the Sheraton's elegant Garden Court to address the "people," a luncheon crowd, all of whom had paid \$1,000 for the opportunity.

It was their day and they knew it. Their faces reflected it. Well-preserved, smiling faces. Arrogant, haughty, aging faces. Confident faces. As individuals in the street, none of them would have seemed terribly imposing; but, as a group, undiluted by the outside, the effect was awesome.

The hotel's intercom-Muzak system was playing a nearly unrecognizable version of Woody Guthrie's "This land is your land, this land is my land..." They were certainly paying \$1000 apiece to keep it that way.

Another President, Harding, had died in the Sheraton Palace. The Sheraton publicity lady hotly denied that food poisoning had been the cause. It seemed as though the 600 diners agreed with her. They had already finished their meals by the time the press was allowed to filter into a cordoned-off edge of the room.

It was the second non-luncheon group to enter. The first consisted of about 350 Young Voters for the President (YVP) who had been imported to fill the role of youthful "masses" in a Republican stage-managed fantasy of how the world functions.

According to a Republican press spokeswoman, their appearance was "an honor thing for kids who have done a bunch of work." They had been selected by YVP county heads for whom she said, "It was an opportunity to reward any warm bodies they wanted to reward."

The Young Voters for the President were well-groomed. They were, in fact, immaculate, in tidy dresses and pressed jackets, hair fitted in place and ties straight.

When, earlier in the day, I first noticed a large number of them milling around in the Sheraton's Golden Ballroom, I was curious and walked over to interview them. But I was turned back at the door. "They're being briefed," I was told.

Briefed? I was so startled that I did not

even ask, "Briefed for what?" I just walked away. But the results of the "briefing" became clear at lunch. In unison, the YVP's set up syncopated "Four More Years!" cadences (throwing four fingers of the right hand towards the ceiling) as the President arrived, and at points thereafter.

The scene lacked nothing but spontaneity. And that was fine with the \$1000 donors; because spontaneity meant potential disturbance and disturbance, change. At the dais, Governor Ronald Reagan was telling them as much. "You know, one man covering the convention kept asking me, didn't I think the whole affair was kind of dull? When you go to a John Wayne movie, when you buy the ticket, you know he's going to clobber the bad guy, but it's pretty exciting."

The arrival of the President added the final touch to what had gone before. Compared to everyone else on the dais, Nixon's face was a bright, ruddy red. (One news article the next day referred to his deep "tan", but it looked like heavy layers of pancake make-up). His voice was carefully modulated, but his gestures distinctly out of sync with his words.

Later, as I mingled with the crowd filing out, I heard a number of people telling each other what a fine, interesting speech Nixon had made. Actually, it was dull. A lackluster performance. Nothing was said which had not been said a hundred times before to a hundred other audiences. The closest the President came to a really personal touch was when, in discussing national defense, he said: "Because this audience is one that I know understands some of the intricacy of this problem, let me be somewhat more specific." The specifics he went on to describe were general enough to have been mastered by a child.

He was bringing the campaign to the people. His people. These people, and small groups like them all around the country. It was they with whom he felt at home, safe, secure. They were the ones to whom he felt responsible as President, whom he had represented in Washington for the last four years. They were his constituency.

Richard Nixon left the Sheraton Palace his coffers approximately \$600,000 fuller. —LNS





# WHAT'S HAPPENING

## Jail hearing

Warning that the penal system here is "approaching total chaos and breakdown," City Councilman Carleton Veazy has announced hearings on the situation on Nov. 21 at 2 and 7:30 p.m. at the City Council.

### RECYCLED CHRISTMAS CARDS

The Washington Ecology Center is offering Christmas cards on recycled paper at prices ranging from \$2.75 to \$3.75 for 25. The center also has note paper and stationery. For catalog, write Ecology Center, 2000 P NW, DC 20036

### NPC ELECTIONS IN NW

Northwest Washington's Neighborhood Planning Council #3 will elect officers and board members on Oct. 27 from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Polling locations will probably include Tenley Library, Wilson High School, Alice Deal and Hearst. Info: 244-7774.

## Political calendar

OCT. 27. Charles Cassell on WTOP-TV 8:30 p.m.

OCT. 29. Benefit at Washington Theatre Club for DC Statehood Party. Matinee. Tickets: \$8 single, \$7.50 each for two or more. Send check to Cassell for Congress, P.O. Box 7379, DC 20044.

OCT. 29. WMAL, 3-6 p.m. Election '72. Program sponsored by League of Women Voters. Covers whole metro area.

OCT. 30. WTOP, 9-11 p.m. Special on races in metro area.

NOV. 1. WGTB, 6:30 p.m. Charles Cassell

NOV. 3. Candidates forum, WETA. 8 p.m.

### NEW NEWSPAPER FOR ADAMS-MORGAN

A new biweekly newspaper, the Columbian, has begun publication in the Adams-Morgan area. It is printed in both English and Spanish and covers neighborhood news. The Columbian is put out by the Potters House Development Corp. and is operating out of 1750 Columbia Rd. NW. Info: 483-1200.

### DAY CARE

D.C. EKNE, Inc. in cooperation with Marjorie Webster College is sponsoring a Weekend Workshop "Day Care - Focus on School Age Children" Nov. 10-12 at the college. Panelists include D.C. educators and representatives from the Department of Human Resources. Info: LU 2-7221.

### CHARLES DARWIN FOUNDATION BENEFIT

The Smithsonian Associates will hold a benefit premiere of the film "The Darwin Ad-

venture" in the auditorium of the National Museum of Natural History, Nov. 4 at 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Donation \$1. Info: 381-6264.

### CITY COLLECTS LEAVES

Collection of leaves in D.C. has begun. Residents are requested to place their leaves in containers at the regular point of collection on their normal collection days. For information on when their neighborhoods will be covered call the Bureau of Solid Waste Collection at 629-2528.

## Peace action

The Washington Area Peace Action Coalition has planned actions before and after the elections. The plans for Thursday, Oct. 26 call for picketing the White House from 4:30 to 6:00 p.m. The Saturday, Nov. 8 schedule calls for demonstrators to assemble at the Reflecting Pool near the Lincoln Memorial at 10 a.m. for a march to the White House at 11 a.m. and a rally at Lafayette Park. Info: 293-3855.

### OPERATION IDENTIFICATION

Despite Jerry Wilson's crime statistics, houses are still being robbed in the district. If you can't afford window bars, double locks or a guard dog, the least expensive deterrent is to borrow an electric engraving tool at your local precinct house and engrave personal property with your social security number. The participant then displays a sticker on a window or door showing that personal property is marked. Not only does this act as a deterrent to theft because the goods are difficult to fence; but the owner no longer has to keep track of all those 20 digit serial numbers manufacturers stamp on their products. For further information on the free use of the engraving tool contact 626-2871.

### GRADUATE FELLOWSHIPS FOR MINORITY STUDENTS

The Ford Foundation and the National Fellowships Fund have announced that fellowships are available for American Indians, Black Americans, Mexican Americans and Puerto Ricans for full-time study toward a Ph. D. Assistance is for four years. Info: The Ford Foundation, 320 43rd Street, Division of Education and Research, Higher Education and Research, New York, New York 10017.

## Action Guide

HERE are some places to contact if you wish to get involved in or find out more about some of the issues discussed in this edition of the Gazette:

### ZACHAEUS SOUP KITCHEN

•Zacchaeus, 905 New York Ave. NW  
•Community for Creative Nonviolence, 2127 N NW. 337-8444 (days), 337-1780 (evenings). Ask for Rachelle.

### SIGN OF THE TIMES WORKSHOP

•Sign of the Times Workshop and Gallery, 605 56th NE, DC 20009. 399-3400.

### THE DELEGATE CAMPAIGN

•DC Statehood Party, 1346 Conn. Ave. NW. 783-6976.

### DC JAIL

•American Civil Liberties Union, 3000 Conn. Ave. NW (#437), DC 20008. 483-3830.

### BICENTENNIEL

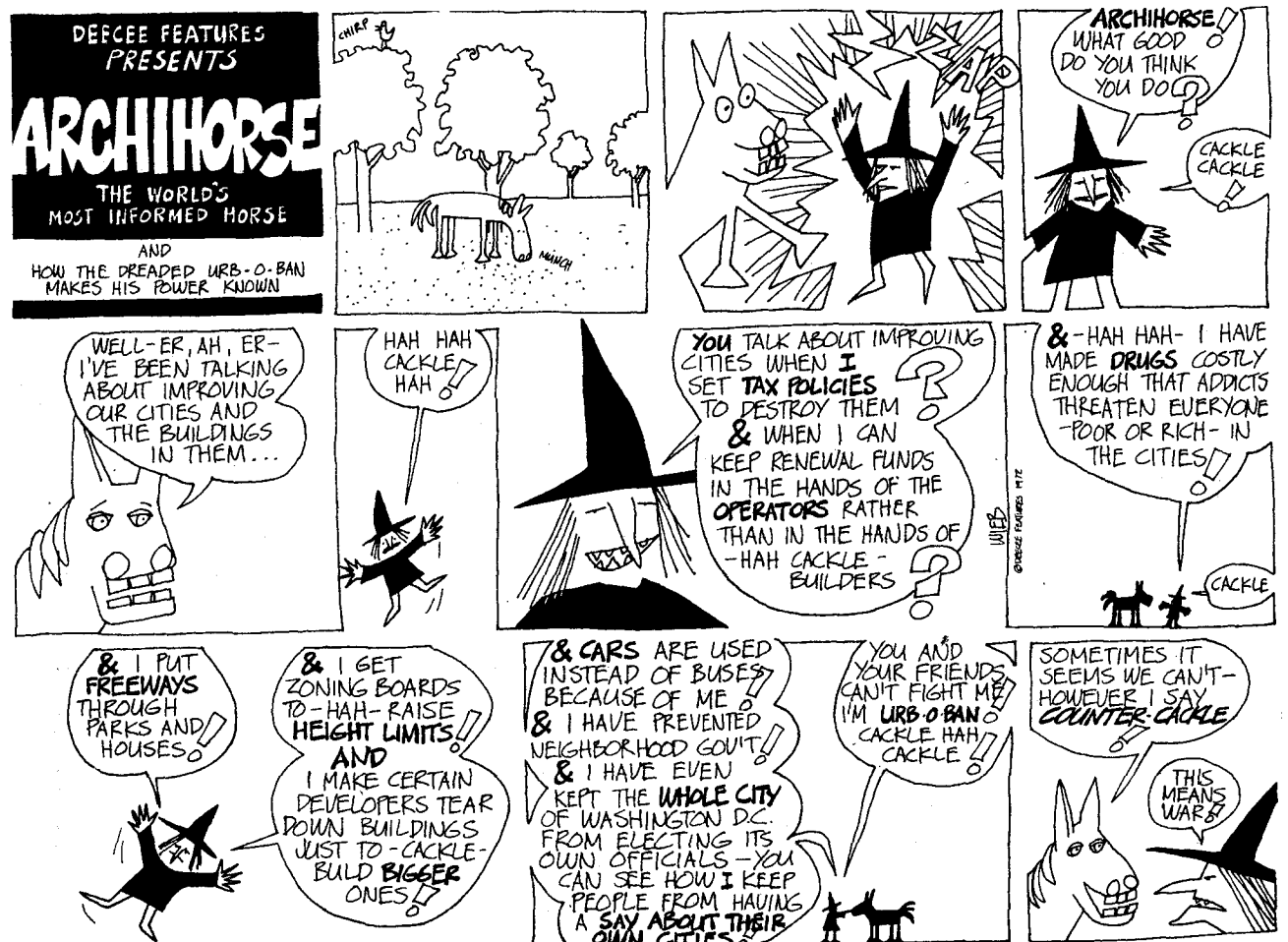
•People's Bicentennial Commission, 1346 Conn. Ave. NW (#1025), DC 20036  
•American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, 736 Jackson Place NW.

### AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES MEETING

The ACLU-NCA fall membership meeting will focus on prisons, presenting Ben Bagdikian, assistant managing editor of the Washington Post and author of "The Shame of the Prisons" and David Dellinger, the anti-war activist. The meeting will be held November 1st at 8 p.m. in the Georgetown Day School auditorium, 4530 MacArthur Boulevard at Q Street, NW

## McLean Gardens

The McLean Gardens development plan comes up before the Zoning Commission on Oct. 25 in room 500 of the District Building.



## JAZZ

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3  
8:00 P.M.

at  
Friendship House  
619 D Street, SE

MICKEY NEWMAN QUARTET  
Sponsored by Left Bank Jazz Society  
and Friendship House

Tickets: \$1.50 Refreshments

Information: 547-8880



## YIPPIES' CONGRESS

The Youth International Party will hold a national congress in Columbus Thanksgiving weekend to make plans for the Inauguration. Info: Steve Conliff, Columbus YIP, 1446 Hunter St., Columbus, Ohio 43201 or (614) 292-3678.

## DRAFT DODGERS MANUAL

The Philadelphia Resistance has published a book called *Exiled*, giving information on 58 countries, their immigration laws, extradition treaties, job availabilities, NATO treaty, contacts and some history of a country's attitudes towards political exiles. Included is an appendix with a complete and current list of draft and military counseling centers, and G.I. project and papers. *Exile* is available from the Philadelphia Resistance, 106 South 13th Street, Phila., Pa 19107 for \$2.00.

## VOTER INFORMATION

The DC League of Women Voters has a room off the main lobby of the Commerce Department on 14th Street, between E and Constitution Ave., where it is giving out information on voting in the District and in the fifty states. The League can be reached at 347-7235 or at the Commerce Building between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, from now until November 6.

## SORGHUM SUGAR MAKING DEMONSTRATION

The process of making molasses and syrups from sorghum cane will be demonstrated at the Oxon Hill Children's Farm on Saturday November 11. The demonstration will be in operation from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Oxon Hill Children's Farm is located off the Indian Head Highway exit of the Capitol Beltway.

## TV repair hearings

Councilman Tedson J. Meyers will hold hearings Oct. 31 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. in the Council Chambers at the District Building to hear testimony concerning a regulation to license television and audio equipment repairmen in the district. The regulation also requires that repairs be completed in accordance with standards to be set by the Council. Testimony is not restricted to the proposal itself. Comments and suggestions concerning repair problems are also requested. Persons wishing to testify should contact Nancy Brailsford at 629-3806 or 638-2223 by 5 p.m. Oct. 27th.

## CHILD CARE EXCHANGE IN NW

The Washington Child Care Exchange has started its fall membership campaign to recruit new families in Northwest DC. The Exchange is compiling a registry of families with preschool children and puts them in touch with other interested parents in their neighborhood to swap babysitting hours or set up playgroups. Info: 232-0957 or write 4625A 41st Street, DC, 20016.

## NEWSREEL

Newsreel is a national network of collectives which make and distribute films about war, repression and injustice to provide a source of information usually unavailable from the established media. Call 833-3775 for a list of available films.

## DRAFT COUNSELING COURSE

The Washington Area Draft Information Clearinghouse will offer a Draft Counseling course on Nov. 11 and 12. Both courses together constitute a course for new counselors. Info: 234-2000.

## METRO HEARING

Metro will hold a public hearing Nov. 28 on the Navy Yard station at Van Ness Elementary School, 4th and M Streets, SE at 7:30 p.m. Residents who are affected by the construction will be notified in writing.

## BAR EXAM FOR D.C.

The next bar exam for the District will take place on Feb. 27-28 at the George Washington University Center, 800 21st NW. Applications can be obtained from the Office of the Secretary, Committee on Admissions, D.C. Court of Appeals, 400 F NW, room 311-A.

## NEW CENSUS DATA AVAILABLE

"General Social and Economic Characteristics: United States Summary, 1970 Census of Population is available from the Government Printing Office, DC 20402, for \$2.25."

## United Black Fund

The United Black Fund is in full swing, attempting to raise money for such organizations as Efforts for Ex-Convicts, Bonabond, Citywide Learning Center, Blackman's Development Center, RAP, Inc. and United Latins Inc. Contributions can be sent to the United Black Fund, c/o the Industrial Bank of Washington, 4812 Georgia Ave. NW.

## HILLCREST CENTER OFFERS CLASSES

The Hillcrest Recreation Center at 32nd & Denver SE is offering the following classes: ceramics, tap and ballet, bridge, slimnastics, and sewing. Info: 582-8141.

# AN EVENING TO HONOR Julius Hobson

*Because Julius Hobson is such a special human being; because he has made such an outstanding contribution to so many vital, progressive social causes--peace, civil liberties, human rights, quality education and equal opportunity; and because in making that contribution he has invariably demonstrated such a rare courage and unflinching commitment to principle, Julius' friends, supporters and admirers are joining together to honor him at a Testimonial event. The evening will be informal and relaxed with entertainment provided by Joan Baez and others with brief remarks by co-workers of Julius in his long and constant struggle for a better society.*

## NOV. 14, 1972

8:00 P.M. - 11:00 P.M.

### Sheraton Park Hotel, Cotillion Room

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ tickets @ \$5.00 per ticket. Enclosed find my check for \$\_\_\_\_\_.

I cannot attend the November 14, 1972, Testimonial for Julius Hobson. Enclosed find my contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_ in his honor.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

OVER PLEASE

## ART CONT'D

phase. Among other things, Houston taught the Eskimos how to make prints, after he had studied with the great Japanese printmaker, Un-ichi Hiratsuka, who now lives in Washington. Hiratsuka's work is also on view at the Bader Gallery through December 2.

Eskimo prints combine Japanese ingenuity with the freer tendencies of the Eskimos and, like their carvings, are rooted in ancient traditions and myths, specifically shamanism. But, the Arctic world is undergoing great change. Many Eskimos now live in urban settings instead of as nomads, and their cultural and spiritual existence is being threatened with extinction. As James Houston said, and the Bader Gallery exhibit makes plain: "Eskimos have many important things to tell us, ideas about life. But we go on as always, advising them in a voice so loud we cannot hear them. This is exactly what we did with the Indian peoples, on both sides of the border, while priceless cultures slipped away."

## MEDIA CONT'D

made possible by a grant from Mr. Toity to Mrs. Toity, 68 years ago.

Electronic noise: brpp blillp zrd grng

Announcer: This is Public Television, broadcasting for the people. The program originally scheduled for this evening, "Ralph Raider reports on the President's Campaign Fund," will not be seen. Instead we bring you some kind of a bird thing counting to ten.

Bird thing: 1-2-3-4-5-6-and so on.

Announcer: This is public television. Television for the people. We sign off now at 6:45 p.m. and wish you a pleasant -- --

(he is handed a piece of paper)

Announcer: We delay our sign-off this evening three more hours. Here is a news bulletin. President Nixon signed into law today another public broadcasting bill. This bill authorizes expenditures by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting for another three hours. And now, Julia Chives shows you how to make crepes suzettes without burning your sterling silver chafing dish. . . .



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